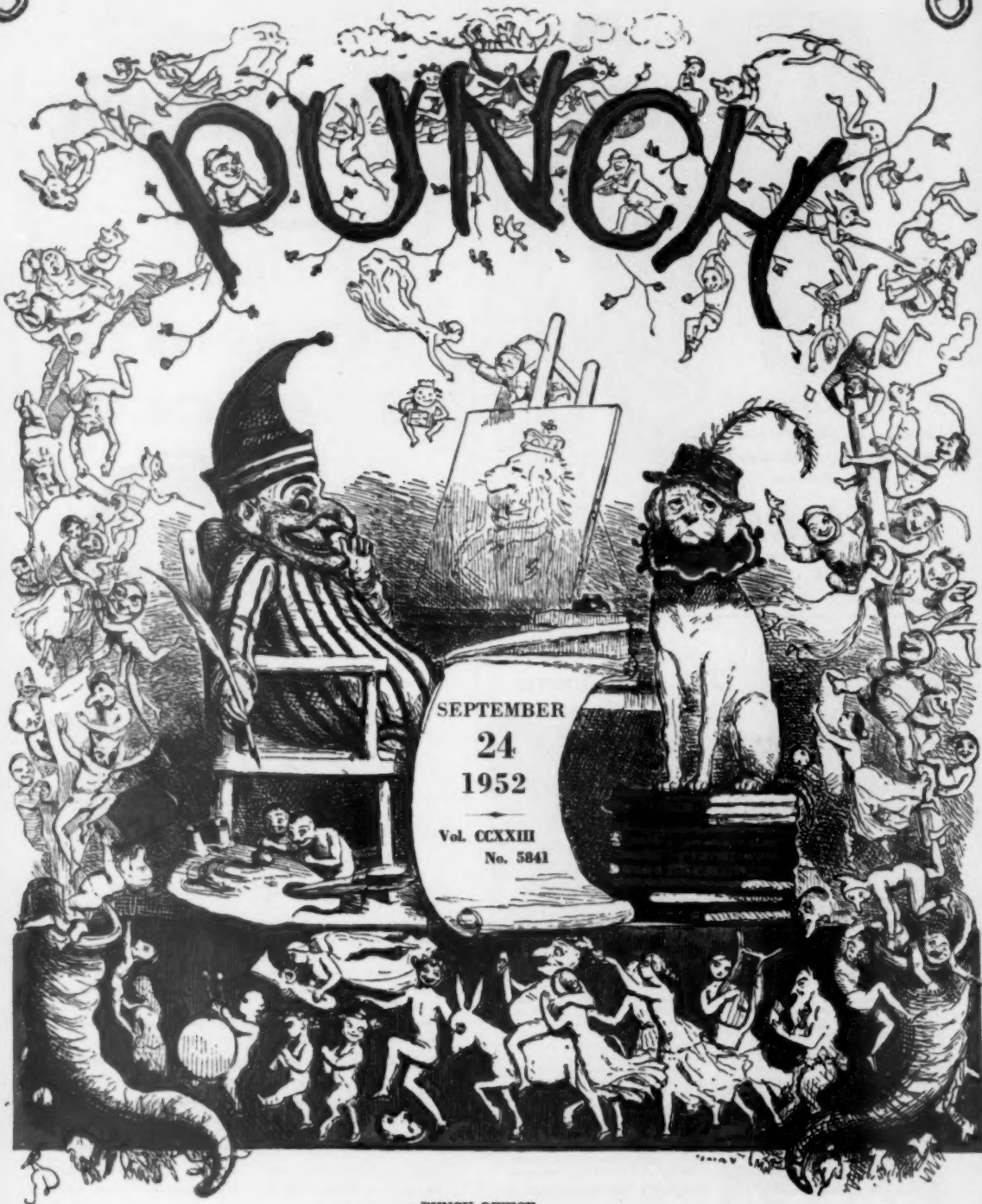


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHAMPAIGN—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24 1952

6^p

SEPTEMBER
24
1952

Vol. CCXXIII
No. 5841

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Overcoats

We have an excellent stock of ready-to-wear overcoats in a wide range of styles, materials and patterns.

MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN

THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Junction of Garrick and Bedford Streets, W.C.2. Temple Bar 4477 AND BRANCHES



...a King of England rode a winner at Newmarket?

ON OCTOBER 14TH, 1671, Charles II rode his horse "Woodcock" at Newmarket against Mr. Elliot, gentlemen of the Bedchamber on "Pleasant". The King lost, but two days later he rode against Mr. Elliot, Mr. Thin and the Duke of Monmouth for The Place and won. In 1674 he won The Place a second time. The King's success cannot be accounted for by the tact of his courtiers for we have the authority of Sir Robert Carr that "His Majesty rode himself three heats and a course, and won The Place—all four were hard and no'er ridden, and I don't assure you the King won by good horsemanship".

YOU CAN DEPEND ON
COPE'S
The World's Best Known Turf Accountants

A NOTABLE HORSEMAN The King was indeed a notable horseman, for at the age of ten his riding master, the Duke of Newcastle, wrote of him "he would ride leaping horses, and such as would overthrow others and manage them with the greatest skill and dexterity to the admiration of all who beheld him".

Did you know that for over half a century the House of Cope has provided an unrivalled service for sportsmen, based on courtesy, integrity and dependability. Write NOW for our illustrated brochure.

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THE FULL STRENGTH TOBACCO



"It may interest you to know that as a heavy pipe-smoker I have smoked Punchbowl for something like 10 years.

Sometimes I have thought I would like a different tobacco for a change, and on those grounds I have tried some eight or ten brands, but there is no other tobacco that I can smoke, day in day out, as I can Punchbowl.

Other tobaccos are nice for a change, but always I go back to Punchbowl thinking what a fool I was to change."

also in two other strengths

PARSONS PLEASURE mild · BARNEY'S medium
each at 4/5d. the ounce

Smokers overseas can arrange for regular personal despatches, Ex-bond and British Duty Free, in 2 lb. parcels, to many lands.

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ULSTER FARM

A PROGRESSIVE dairy farmer in Ulster who wanted to improve his grassland asked I.C.I. how modern methods of grassland management could best be applied to his farm. Accordingly the local representative of I.C.I.'s agricultural technical service visited the farm and a grassland development programme was planned and put into operation. Its object was to grow more grass — grass for grazing, and grass to make hay and silage for winter feeding. Over a period of 4 years the use of fertilisers was stepped up progressively from 5 cwt. per acre to 9 cwt. per acre,

and from April to October grazing was carefully rationed by means of electrically charged fences moved twice a day. The effects of these methods were far reaching. The amount of silage made on the farm increased from 85 tons in 1947 to 450 tons in 1950; consumption of bought feeding-stuffs was halved, and the farmer was able to add to the numbers of his dairy herd every year.

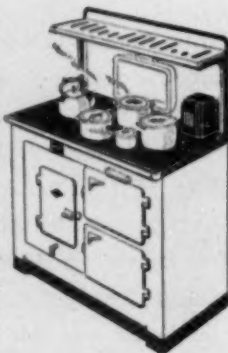
As a result, milk production rose steadily from 223 gallons per acre in 1946 to 344 gallons per acre in 1951. Dairy farms in many parts of the United Kingdom are now successfully applying similar methods.



More housekeeping money *and* Less housework!

... reads rather like a fiery resolution at an angry housewives' meeting, doesn't it? In these days, though, surely that's exactly what we do want. Struggling with shortage of money and shortage of fuel, a little extra cash and a little extra leisure would seem like paradise.

Do you know that anyone really can have these things, and many other blessings besides, with a modern ESSE heat storage cooker in the kitchen? It doesn't cost money, it saves money! Your initial outlay (and you can even get an ESSE on terms) is soon covered with the almost unbelievable fuel savings, and, after that, it's saving all the way — **MONEY SAVING** with ESSE outstanding fuel economy, **TIME SAVING** with 24-hour cooking and hot water service from one fire, **LABOUR SAVING** a dozen different ways.



Yes! Life's easier when an ESSE helps you make ends meet. 2-oven ESSE Fairy with boiler requires an investment of £86.17.9. Without boiler £75.6.9 or monthly terms. Platerack and back panel extra. Write for colour catalogue of all domestic models and nearest distributor's address.



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30s. to £12s.



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two names for fine pillows

£6-15-9 to £10
the Pair



Ariel

Both made by Fogarty's of Boston, Lincs—the Pillow Pioneers—who would be happy to send you details.

There is only **ONE**
CHUNKY
MARMALADE

It is a product of St. Martin Preserving Co. Ltd., and the brand name **CHUNKY** is registered.

St. Martin's special recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter sweet taste of **CHUNKY**. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning.

● **CHUNKY** and all St. Martin preserves can now be obtained in "after-use" preserving jars (2-lb. size).



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Shaggy suitings**

**and of course the famous
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bears the watermark:*

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light...'*

Nothing else can equal the diaphanous beauty of flowers displayed on a R.E.A.L. Plinth. This lovely light, flowing softly upwards, reveals the delicate charm of each petal and adds a mysterious glory to the foliage. This Plinth has a classical dignity of design. It is beautifully finished in a choice of soft pastel shades, gilt lustre or eggshell black. Mounted on rubber feet to prevent damage to furniture, it is fitted with a porcelain lamp-holder and three yards of flexible cord. The diffusing glass is strong enough to carry any vase or bowl.

The
**R.E.A.L.
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40/-


Tax paid, from most good electrical stores.


*If you don't know all about Plinth Lighting,
please write for your free copy of . . .
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
Rowlands Electrical Accessories Ltd., (Dept. T) R.E.A.L. Works, Birmingham, 18





... sweet interlude

How time flies! No sooner  do

I break the seal on a box of these
wonderful . . .  . . . no, . . . ecstatic

Regency Candies than one heavenly  mouthful leads to another

 and another  and another and before I know where I am . . .

sorry darling I *did* mean to save you one!

. . . But look! There's another layer!

**CLARNICO
Regency
CANDIES**

CLARNICO LIMITED
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One word
sums up this
Sherry—
it is . . . *good*

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FINO AMONTILLADO

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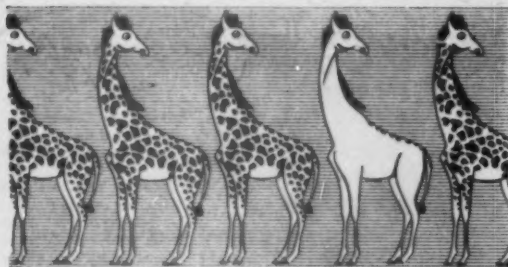
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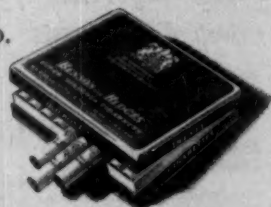


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SAMARIA • ORONSAY • ORION • ORONTES
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HIMALAYA • STRATHMORE • CHUSAN
MALOJA • ALCANTARA • ANDES
HIGHLAND BRIGADE
HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN • HIGHLAND MONARCH
HIGHLAND PRINCESS
DOMINION MONARCH • CORINTHIC
EDINBURGH CASTLE • STIRLING CASTLE
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BLOEMFONTEIN CASTLE • DURBAN CASTLE

Those who travel widely, for business or for pleasure, must have observed how frequently **BENSON and HEDGES** Super Virginia cigarettes, made from the finest of fine tobaccos, are called for to distinguish any special occasion when only the best will do.



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THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

When only the best will do

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Made for halcyon days

When boaters beset the Thames, the Edwardian reserved his unstinted approval for perfection and nothing less. In that fastidious age Straight Cut won their good name. Today they are still blended to add to life's most pleasurable moments.

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STRAIGHT CUT**

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DRY SACK**

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Tenova
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stay up

THE COMFORT'S
IN THE CUT-OUT

The lastest band
at the top
keeps them up
— the cut-out
keeps them
comfortable.

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reinforced.



From Austin Reed and
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a jump ahead

There is great satisfaction and
often profit in always being a jump
ahead of your competitors . . .

but how about insulation?

The high efficiency of
Darlington 85% Magnesia coverings
will enable you to keep
a jump ahead in fuel saving
— our technical division
would like to show

you how to save
up to 90% of
waste heat.



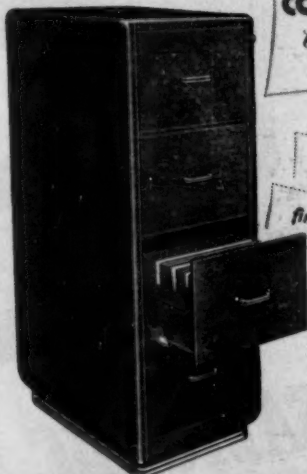
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steel for durability



... plus
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Craftsmanship

for efficiency

balance and

fine finish

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glide quietly and do not re-
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distinguished for its pleasing
symmetry, and designed for
those who look for 'character'
in their equipment.
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Write for your
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booklet about non-
ferrous metals.

Chalmers about BRASS ingots

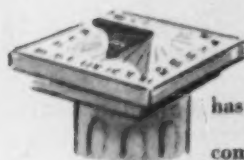
The lady on the left displays one
of the less common applications
of brass in everyday life. We
doubt the comfort of her collar
and wonder if brass causes you
trouble in the same region. We
are not, by the way, bespoke
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has the merit of a valuable
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to yourself it confirms you as a man who
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50 years old
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The companies of AEI are a league formation. They are a strong and lively group. Their young industry has risen rapidly into the ranks of the traditional giants. Sharing their knowledge, their experience and their resources, the companies of Associated Electrical Industries put forth *co-ordinated effort* for the common good.

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It all adds up to

AEI

Associated Electrical Industries



Consoling thought

The whole business of going out to dine is fraught with problems. Is it black ties or white? Where on earth have the dress studs got to? Should one walk and risk being late or take a cab and perhaps arrive too early?

Thank goodness there's always the consoling thought that your

new dress trousers are fitted with 'Lightning' zips—quick, convenient and safe, and now as familiar in their new role as for less formal uses.

LIGHTNING
the reliable zip

LIGHTNING FASTENERS LIMITED, BIRMINGHAM

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(A subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.)



It's a dream to drive



The power-to-weight ratio of the Wolseley "Four Fifty" is just right, so you get the utmost benefit from the independent front suspension.

Your seating position, with adjustable wheel and Dunlopillo seat, is perfect; your vision the widest possible. The freshness of the atmosphere is maintained by a system of ventilation akin to air-conditioning. Drive this car hard all day and you may step out as fresh as when you started. That means a lot to a busy man. The "Four Fifty" is a very happy and sensible choice.

The Wolseley "Four Fifty."
There is also the "Six Eighty."

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WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD., COWLEY, OXFORD

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WHEN IT'S A QUESTION OF TIME...



minutes per man hour...

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quiet, perfect grooming

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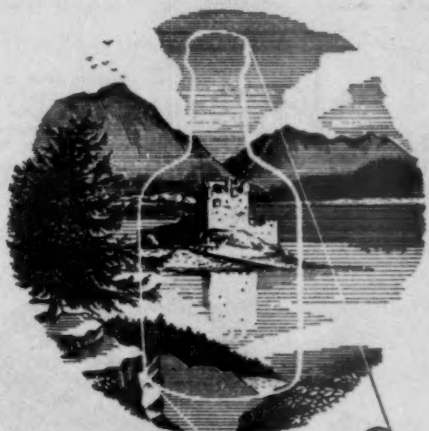
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'Three Musketeers'—After Shave Lotion with either Scent Stimulant and Hair Dressing—Scent Stimulant and 'Tardush' Cologne—Brilliantine and After Shave Powder 25/-

For men who know and value the calm assurance given by perfect grooming—who enjoy the classic luxury of being 'well-barbered'. The invigorating tingle of after-shave lotion, in handy-grip flacon 5/- & 8/4

for men by *Lenthéric*

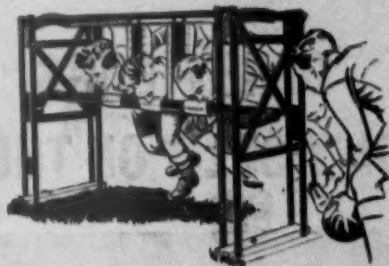
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This royal Scottish liqueur - prepared from the personal recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie - is appreciated by connoisseurs throughout the world.

Drambuie

The Drambuie Liqueur Co., Ltd., Edinburgh.



At first glance this may suggest to you some ancient form of torture but it is in fact the famous Lillywhite 'Esher' Scrummager which has helped to train so many famous Rugby Clubs. Whatever your particular sport, you will find the best equipment in the world for it at . . .

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DERBY BAGS WON'T SPLIT ON THEM!



FOOD for the British expedition to Greenland is being dropped — without parachutes — from low-flying aircraft.

Bags that will take that kind of punishment without splitting have to be a good deal tougher than your ordinary sack! These bags are the toughest there are: Derby Bags, developed and made by Jute Industries.

Derby Bags have woven side-seams; the warp threads form the width of the bag; and for extra strength they are doubled at the point of greatest strain — 9-12 inches from the bottom. Yet Derby Bags can be *lighter* than ordinary bags.

WHAT'S IN A BAG?

What you call a sack may well be called a bag by those who use it. But by any name it's probably made of jute.

And not only sacks. When you talk of hessian (or scrim) you talk of jute. When you buy linoleum you buy jute (it's on the back). Carpets contain jute. Tarpaulins are made of it.

Pretty versatile stuff, jute. And pretty indispensable.



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MEADOW PLACE BUILDINGS, DUNDEE

Wetherdair Olympix

THE IMPECCABLE WEATHERCOAT

It is cut full throughout. The collar sets naturally in position without pulling and tugging. Sleeves allow the arms to be raised without the coat riding up. Handsome lines. A man's coat, particularly the man who likes his comfort. Price about £15.15.0.



WET WETHER WETHERDAIR

There are also Wetherdair Weather Coats from £4.19.6.

Fashion Weather Coats in popular colours for ladies.

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WETHERDAIR LTD

BRADFORD AND LONDON

★ a lot of
lather.. in a little
INGRAM

Ingram gives you a quick, comfortable shave — followed by a reassuring, menthol-cool freshness. Why? Because Ingram shaving cream combines its own face lotion. Try a tube tomorrow! You'll like the plentiful Ingram lather and the generous tube.



*combines its
own face lotion*

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

52/2/7



There's always a vacancy for a Double Diamond when things seem a bit empty. It works overtime to restore flagging morale, and puts a little more drive into life. An input of Double Diamond doubles your output of good cheer!

A DOUBLE DIAMOND works wonders



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— they have such a good name

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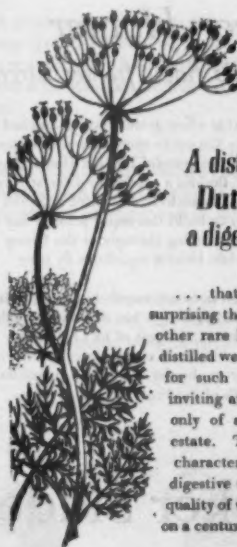


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BOLS LIQUEURS.

A distillate of finest
Dutch caraway seeds,
a digestive quite exceptional...

... that's Bolskummel. It is not surprising that the caraway seeds (and other rare herbs) from which it is distilled were once used to pay taxes, for such intriguing flavour and inviting aroma are the birthright only of a liqueur born to high estate. They are in fact the characteristics of a delectable digestive the extra dry quality of which is based on a centuries-old secret.



BOLSKUMMEL

★ The House of Bols was founded in Amsterdam in 1875 — over thirty years before Hendrick's was born.
Other Bols liqueurs include Apricot Bols, Cherry Bols and Dry Orange Curacao.



Super Priority for the R.A.F.

Hawker Hunter

... world's finest fighter aircraft

A great production effort is now being launched at Hawker Siddeley Group to speed into squadron service with the R.A.F. the graceful Hawker Hunter, world's finest fighter aircraft. Besides a maximum drive at Hawker's Kingston factory, an entirely new plant at Squire's Gate, Blackpool is also to build this super priority day interceptor. Extensive sub-contracting throughout the Group will also speed the day when Hunter squadrons fly over Britain's skies.

Such co-operation between member companies is typical of the smooth integration of Hawker Siddeley Group's organisation. Largest of its kind in the world, this great industrial commonwealth now employs its mighty resources, by day and night, in building the defensive strength of the Free World.

Hawker Siddeley Group

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AVRO CANADA, ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY, HAWKLEY, BROCKWORTH
ENGINEERING, AIR SERVICE TRAINING AND HIGH DUTY ALLOYS



THE London waiter who was fined forty shillings for driving his car without due care can't think *how* he failed to hold his hand out.

baby-sitter—is dear old Harry's New York Bar. ("Just tell the taxi-driver 'Sank Roo Doe Noo'.")

The struggles of a weekly journal to keep abreast of day-to-day events are stern, unrelenting and susceptible to change. In reporting, therefore, the claim by the Chinese Nationalist Consul-General in Johannesburg that alcohol was discovered by the Chinese people, we are simply gambling on getting into print before the inevitable Tass News Agency refutation.

"Two Thousand Doctors Stick to their Street"—*Headline in the News Chronicle*

This may hurt a little.

At the end of June 50,260 fewer people were waiting for telephones than in June of last year. It is indignantly denied at the G.P.O. that the reason for this is that they have all emigrated.

Americans in Paris can find solutions to most of their difficulties in the *New York Herald-Tribune's* European edition, which does its best to buffer readers against the barbarities of a foreign land, and to solve for them the special problems of travelling *en famille*. "The thing that a tourist must keep in mind," it advises, "is that no matter where you take children in Paris their meals will be expensive. Even if you take them to a night club you will have to order a full bottle of champagne for them instead of a half-bottle." Even the advertisements seek to make the exile feel at home. Hollywood's Bobby Short sings at the Mars Club; "Gone With the Wind" is showing at the Raimu; the American Diaper Service is to be summoned at the lift of a receiver; and at 5, Rue Daunou—when the children are asleep, in the care of the *jeune fille américaine* recently seeking employment as a

It is understood that if the popular outcry against "cheap American comics" goes on much longer the management of the London Palladium will feel impelled to issue a declaration that there is nothing cheap about theirs.

More than four thousand square feet of lead sheeting has been stolen from the roof of London Bridge station during recent months, and it still hasn't fallen down.

Mr. Michael Rennie, one of Hollywood's latest recruits from Britain, has had a rubber chest made for him in the studio workshops in order to give him a



sufficiently impressive appearance in scenes in which he has to strip to the waist. We don't know who handles Mr. Rennie's publicity out there, but we think that, in his own and his country's interests, some supporting story ought to have been got out about his refusal to be fobbed off with a Tarzan re-tread.

The director of an Italian observatory at Faenza blames the world's crime wave on the magneto-electric effect of pernicious forces from the sun on the human brain. That may solve the mystery in Italy; Britons will have to search further.

Police who arrested Cleo Idelever, aged thirty-four, as she was leaving a Paris shop, found two tins of meat and a bag of sweets in the left sleeve of her coat, two bags of coffee and a pound of cheese in the right sleeve, a brooch and clip in her skirt pocket, and an assortment of silk underwear in her bag. It did her no good to plead that they had caught her empty-handed.

News of the lifting of price control on typewriters is reported to have been received with considerable enthusiasm in the editorial offices of *Tribune*, where it is now possible for the entire secretarial staff, under the direction of Miss Jennie Lee, to hammer away at "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of part of the party."

The Lord Chamberlain has ordered a number of cuts in a forthcoming play from New York, *Remains to be Seen*. Remains to be seen.

"Violin in Case; also Pair Heavy Doors."

Adet. in Cambridge Daily News

Also in case.

LAY-OUT CONFERENCE

"RIGHT. Now let's have a look at page three. O.K. The big story here is Julie la Burnum being seen in Paris with goldfish in top-hats tattooed on her shin-bones. Right?"

"Right."

"All right. Now, take out this picture of the Eiffel Tower—what we want is something our readers can identify themselves with."

"Come again?"

"Don't use those transatlantic expressions here, young man. This paper stands for the British way of life, and don't you ever forget it. Fearless and independent, this paper marches breast forward into a better world. A better world for you. A better—Who made that noise?"

"Charlie."

"Right. Now then. Scrap the

Eiffel Tower, and get me a full-length picture of Julie. Draw goldfish on her shin-bones, and put a white circle round 'em. Get the encyclopædia department to find out what a goldfish is, and put the definition at the foot of the column. Twenty-five words. Short words. Right?"

"Right."

"All right. Now then, what's this?"

"Picture of centre-forward Harry Roundhead bathing his baby."

"What's the story?"

"The baby bit his finger. Will Harry be fit for Saturday? Eminent brain-specialist says risk of infection slight. Harry in good spirits, insists on holding his own knife and fork. Trainer Cartwright flies from Torquay."

"Right. Up here, a map of England—simplified—showing the probable route taken by trainer Cartwright in his overnight dash to Harry's bedside."

"He's not in bed."

"He's bound to go to bed at night. Get a picture of his bedroom, with an arrow pointing to Harry. Another arrow pointing to the door



"Please don't get up."

leading to the baby's quarters. A big white cross marking the chair where old Mrs. Roundhead kept her all-night vigil. Close-up of Harry's finger, with a ring round the teeth-marks. Outline the whole column with footballs and babies' dummies, alternately. Right?"

"Right. What about the picture of Harry bathing the baby?"

"Move it to the sports page, with a ring round the baby, a ring round Harry's hand, and one of those curved arrows pointing to the baby's mouth. See that it's open, and draw in a scowl on its face. And blot out that bottle of stout on the table. Right!"

"Right."

"All right. Now then. This mannequin woman with the most sultry eyes south of a line drawn from Swansea to Scarborough. Get the description, in her own words, of the men she wants to marry and her favourite cold meal for a hot day."

"She can't write. She signs her cheques with a thumb-mark."

"O.K. A full-face picture, eight by six, with a ring round one eye and an arrow pointing to the other. Offer a prize of fifty pounds and a night out in Soho for the best suggestion from a reader for a suitable hair-style. Headline, The Eyes Have It. Right?"

"Right."

"All right. Now then. This story here. Six inches of solid reading, in two chunks. No italics, no heavy type, no lines round it, no arrows, no cartoon—nothing! You don't expect our readers to wade through that! You'll be telling me next they read books. What's it all about?"

"Charlie says it's the most significant speech made by any political leader in this decade."

"Well, all right, but you don't have to be frightened of it. Your job is to try and make it seem important, even though it's not about a film-star. Break it up into short paragraphs, and number them. Put rings round the numbers. And get the numbers in the proper order. Separate the paragraphs with rows of little brief-cases. Put a big finger pointing to each number, and a



signpost at the beginning saying 'Start here.' And Charlie, you go out and get a picture to put over the top."

"What of? A decade?"

"If you like. But make sure it's a big, shiny one, and not too complicated. Right?"

"Right."

"All right. Now then, the horoscope..."

ALEX ATKINSON

"GIRLS' PRACTICAL SCHOOL
31, Glastone Street
LIMASSOL—CYPRUS

RECOGNIZED BY THE BOARD OF
EDUCATION

SUBJECTS TAUGHT:

ENGLISH, GREEK, FRENCH, DOMESTIC
SCIENCE, ETC."

Advt. in Cyprus paper

Recognized with difficulty, we
imagine.

U.S.E.

LAST week a plenary session of the Regulars of the "Green Man" discussed the idea of Federal Union and prepared a preliminary draft constitution for the projected United States of Europe. A splinter group led by Mr. Hocking retired from the bar to the vaults at about nine-thirty to consider Tulyar's claim to the title "the horse of the century."

The main meeting was opened by Mr. H. Jones (Wales), who said he wondered what the U.S.E. would do about a national anthem. This elicited several vocal attempts to synthesize the anthems of the constituent Powers—France, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. "U.S.E. über Alles" was ruled out as undemocratic and war-like and "The Marshallaid" was thought to be too cynical. Finally it was decided that a sort of pot-pourri of tunes by Elgar would be most likely to meet with general approval.

Turning to the need for a new flag it was pointed out (by Mr. S. Halcombe, England) that the national flags of the six nations all contain some red, and five of them white, and it was agreed that six horizontal red lines on a white ground would form an excellent basis for the new design. One quarter of the flag would be left blank for the time being, but this could later be covered by the Union Jack should Britain deem it her duty to join the Union.

After a short break from refreshment Mr. Stope (England) said that he had prepared a map of the United States of Europe—



—which seemed to him to bristle with difficulties. He regarded the shape as unsatisfactory. He agreed

that countries could not be condemned out of hand merely because they appeared weak in configuration (otherwise, he said, where would Chile or Poland or Eire be!), but he did feel that the U.S.E. would begin under a grave handicap unless some new map projection were devised, and that quickly, to lend interest to a drab and uninspiring outline.

Mr. Harris (England) said that he foresaw trouble with what would obviously be known as the Italian Appendix ("A" on map).

Mr. McLintack (Scotland) said that, progress apart, he was opposed to Federal Union because it would mess up international sport. At the very moment when British sport was struggling to its feet we should be confronted by a new nation almost as strong athletically as the U.S.A. He saw no hope for British

soccer, and proposed to join Mr. Hocking in the vaults.

Mr. Helmuth (England) said that a better name ought to be found for the new federation. People in Canada and Central and South America were justifiably annoyed when we referred to the U.S.A. as "America"; and people in Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Scandinavia and Eastern Europe would be similarly irritated if we spoke of the U.S.E. as "Europe." He suggested a new name, "Gemit-fra-Benelux" or "G-B."

Little progress was made with attempts by Mr. Dewsbury (England) and Mr. Evans (Wales) to open discussions on U.S.E. culture, language and economics. The Regulars left the "Green Man" at ten o'clock and found that the weather had turned too cold for extra-mural conversation.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

THE SONG OF THE SOCK

Special Offer . . . Our "Grip-Top Sock"—Advt.

GIVE me the gift of a grip-top sock,
a clip-drape, ship-shape, tip-top sock;
not your spiv-slick, slap-stick, slipshod stock
but a plastic, elastic grip-top sock.
None of your fantastic, slack swap-slop
from a slapdash, flash cash-haberdash shop;
not a knick-knack, knit-lock
knock-kneed knickerbocker sock
with a mock-shot, blot-mottled
trick tick-tocker clock;
not a rucked-up, puckered-up flop-top sock
nor a super-sheer seersucker
pukka sack-smock sock;
not a spot-speckled, frog-freckled
cheap sheikh's sock
off a hotch-potch, moss-blotch
botched Scotch block;
nothing slip-slop, drip-drop,
flip-flop or clip-clop:
tip me to a tip-top
grip-top sock.

ALUN LLEWELLYN



"REMOVE THAT BANDAGE!"



SNAX AT JAX

XIV

"MY 'ead," winced the Ambulance Brigade man. "Woo!"

"Do yourself a good turn, Jimmo," suggested Jack, squeegeeing the floor round him. "'Ave a Plusprin, I mean an aspirin. Mind yer feet."

"It's them bugles done it," said the vacuum sweep, de-crumbing his white overall fastidiously. "Blowin' away." He began to intone briskly: "Tuppny-ha'p'ny-pillbox and arfayarda-braid."

"More likely all the shoutin' after that puddin'," said the ambulance man. "Then, I mean, in the line of duty this is. I mean, openin' of the football season."

"I reckon you've got it all jam, you blokes," said the vacuum sweep. "Every match in the winter you're in there."

"No, Ferdy, no," said the ambulance man. He began a large slow circular gesture with his hand. "You get a big turnover. It's like a wheel goin' round: in and out all the time. Blokes get brassed off. That puddin' though. I'm not really a great puddin' lover, any day of the week. And, 'course, rushin' off straight after."

"Then, 'ot weather, of course," continued the vacuum sweep, pursuing the subject, "you come the

old soldier with the cinemas, I know. And now, 'ere you got an 'eadache and you got no more idea than fly."

A loud cry of "Owaig!" outside the window interrupted them.

"Tug!" called Jack, "'Ere, Ferd, 'old my squeegee a sec."

There was a cry of "Ibbor!" and a grizzled ragman blinked round the door.

"Rag, chief?" he asked hoarsely. "Selvege?"

"'Alf a jiff, Tug," said Jack. "These canisters you can 'ave; bitsa cardboard."

The ragman nodded and then confronted the ambulance man.

"'Ow d'you do, chief," he said. "Was you up the motor-racin' Sundry?"

"Yer," said the ambulance man. "Smashing, it was. All these blokes with their perspex apertures. Dead smart."

The ragman cleared his throat ferociously.

"Old Coleman's boy there, I expect?" he asked, as hoarsely as before.

"I never saw 'im," said the ambulance man, "only I seen old Coleman watchin'. Rare old geezer. Ninety years of age and still tile a roof himself."

"You want to 'ave bin there the other day," said the ragman, "when 'e 'ad a bit of an up and a downer with one of 'is carpenters on these 'ouses 'e's doin'. 'E saw this bloke using 'is saw 'e'd 'ad ever since 'e was an apprentice. Never said a word. Straight for 'im, 'e went. Punched this bloke. Shook 'im to a standstill. Oo, 'e's a big bloke, innit? Ninety or not. 'Ands like 'ambones. Make yer laugh."

"I seen 'im one day not so very long ago," confirmed the vacuum sweep, "chokin' one of 'is blokes orf. Only he says to this bloke by mistake: 'You tryin' to wool the pullover my eyes?' he asks. Well, some bloke went and laughed. Dear, oh, dear. 'E went over and pitched 'im straight out of the winder. Yer. 'Course, 'e was a new bloke, and you know old Coleman."

"'Ere y'are then, Tug," said Jack, handing over a pile of cardboard. "Now, cuppa Rosy Lee, eh, Jimmo?"

The ragman departed, stumbling slightly in the doorway with a hoarse croak of "Drunk again."

"'Ot sweet tea," said the vacuum sweep derisively. "I bet if 'e 'ad no one fainted at the match 'e's gone and drunk it all up for shock."

"Turn it up, Ferd," objected the ambulance man. "Don't tell me you got it all 'ard graft with your vacuum. I tell yer this much. We ain't goin' to 'ave no more vacuum larks up our chimneys after the Nomes Nu-way geezer upset 'is canister arrangement all over the front takin' it out. Winders open, too, and, of course, nothink covered just like they said. Enough of it blew in to make you think it was Nine Elms Goods Yards. And, 'course, that was finish. Put the kybosh on it. The old brushes it is next time; that's favourite. Know where you are."

"No respect for Progress, you've not," said Jack, folding up the Clean Food Campaign notice and wedging the door open with it. "Still, Ferd boy, any time you get dragged into the machinery you'll always be able to 'ave old Jimmo bandage you up, eh? Be able to spend your time with old Dad Peasmarsh on that

Rest - And - Be - Thankful bench,
watchin' the bowls."

He sketched a rosy picture with
large gestures.

"Praps you'll 'ave Jimmo
come up for comp'ny," he sug-
gested. "Give you a nip of the
Demon Rum from 'is natty flask."

"Ah no," said the ambulance
man sorrowfully, clasping his brow
gingerly. "Taking the mickey.
You blokes reckon it's all jam."

He got up to leave.

"Cor crummy," he winced.
"If you 'ad my 'ead."

"I'd boil it up for old Jack
when 'e's shorta duff," said Ferdy
promptly. "See ya."

ALAN HACKNEY

LITTLE BOY SINGING

THERE was a baby nearly three.
He took his mother's hand
And down towards the pig-sties he
Proceeded, as was planned.

What he was thinking no one knows,
But on the way along
Up from that golden head there
rose

A benison in song.

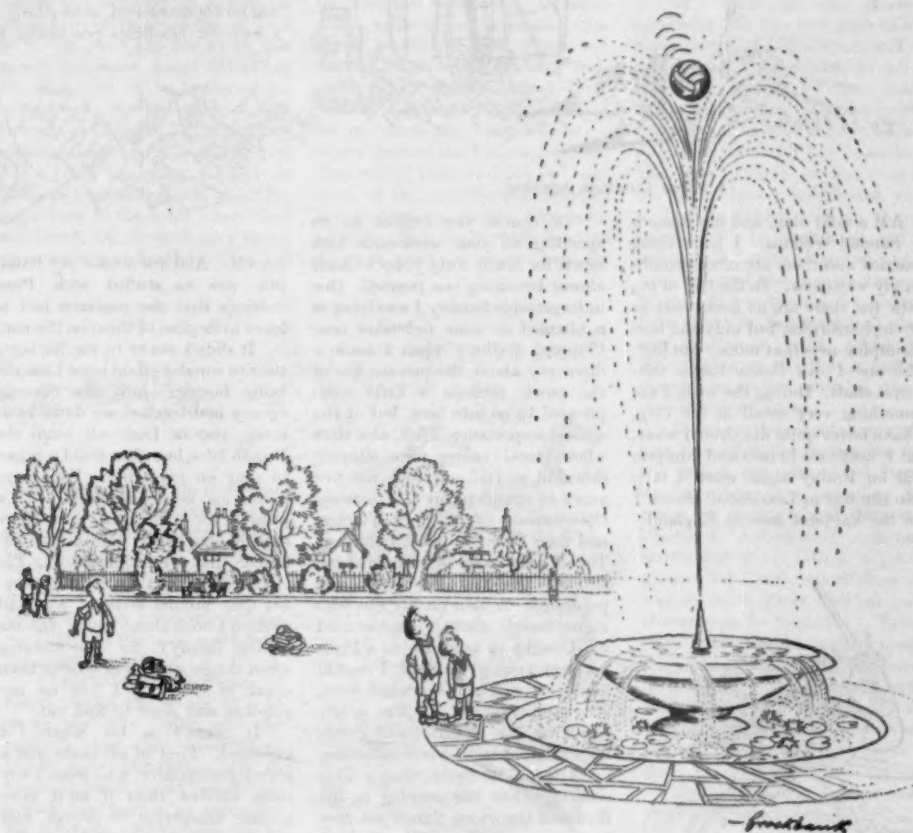
He sang of London Bridge; of
ten
Green bottles on the wall;

The Duke of York who marched his
men,
And Frairer Jacques, and all.

And O, were I a poet, I
Might say that everything,
The trees, the birds, the very
sky
Bent nearer, listening!

But let us keep to common sense,
No fancy stuff allowed;
His mother was his audience,
And my, she did him proud.

ANDE





A Press Cuttings Agency

I AM a mild man, and my name is Samuel Welkins. I have never married and there are often crumbs on my waistcoat. In the hall of my little flat there are no hockey-sticks or elephant-rifles, but only the best shrimping-nets that money can buy. The one I call Bessie has a telescopic shaft. During the week I am something very small in the City, I have never quite discovered what, but it keeps me in nets and jam-jars and on Friday night when I step into the bus in Leadenhall Street I am the happiest man in England.



Of course you cannot go on spending all your week-ends with newts for nearly forty years without almost becoming one yourself. One unforgettable Sunday I was lying in a blizzard in some bulrushes near Chipping Sodbury when I made a discovery about the private life of the newt, perhaps a little complicated to go into here, but of the utmost importance, I felt, at a time when moral values were slipping downhill so fast. It took me five years to complete my *Preliminary Observations of a Newt-Watcher*, and then I went to see a publisher. Then I went to see other publishers, and in the end the book was published. A man on my bus who writes novels about vampires told me I ought to subscribe to a Press cuttings agency, so that I would know how rude reviewers had been. The most I hoped for was a few words in *The Aquarist* and *Pond-keeper*, but at last he persuaded me.

After that there was a long silence. Then one evening in the House of Commons things got very heated over the Sutton Hoo Sewage

Bill and one Member shouted across the House that his Honourable Friend had the mentality of a newt. The second Member angrily demanded the protection of the Speaker, and then an astonishing thing happened. For the Speaker replied that if the Honourable Member had asked him yesterday he would certainly have called for an apology; but since then he had enjoyed the wonderful experience of sitting up all night over a book by a Mr. Samuel Welkins which shed such a remarkable light on the unsuspectedly beautiful character of the newt that now he could think of nothing more flattering than to be compared with one. Well, naturally all the reporters rushed to the telephone, and next morning—there was no big murder on, or anything—I had the headlines practically to

myself. And for weeks my letter-box was so stuffed with Press cuttings that the postman had to leave little piles of them on the mat.

It didn't occur to me for some time to wonder—I do hope I am not being boring!—how the cuttings agency had tracked me down in so many papers from all over the British Isles, but when it did it began to prey on my mind. Was there a hulking electronic brain with a passion for names, or were there superhuman beings so utterly superhuman that even while reading *The Aberdeen Angus* they could remember that Samuel Welkins, who had written a book about newts, was one of the family? So one morning when things were even quieter than usual in the City I put on my goshes and went to find out.

It wasn't a bit what I'd expected. First of all there was a friendly proprietor, who wasn't any more excited than if he'd been making margarine or pencils, and then there were several big rooms,

which sounded like madly busy barbers' shops, for all the girls had scissors and were clicking them furiously. Each room had a lot of long tables, and at their head sat a kind of N.C.O. with a pencil, flicking through a paper faster than she could possibly read it and making little marks. Each table took on certain subjects, for instance Shipping and Finance, and when the N.C.O. was combing *The Financial Times* and came on an item headed "Tramlines Sag," she remembered there were nineteen subscribers anxious about tramlines and scribbled "Tramlines 19." The girls beside her then made nineteen cuttings, and the junior girls beside them, whose memories were still not quite up to containing five thousand names and subjects in a subconscious card-index, stuck the cuttings on to the green slip for which this agency is famous. Later in the day the slips went off to be sorted for subscribers, checked and posted. One copy of a paper yields so many cuttings that it soon begins to look like a badly made lace table-cloth. Many of the cuttings will be off the main beat of the table where they are found, i.e. Finance may throw up something about Motor Cars, and

eight-thirty the proprietor comes on to a loud-hailer system and tells the girls that Mr. Samuel Welkins has been elected, Sir Reginald Quoit has passed beyond the reach of the Press, and Mrs. Peardrop no longer wants stuff on Anglo-Saxon pin-cushions and instead is bending her mind to soil erosion. And as if that isn't hard enough, many subscribers qualify their demands; an M.P. may ask for all references to him except in his constituency, where he already sees the papers.

The idea of a Press cuttings agency is believed to have occurred first to a sharp youth in Paris, who noticed a paper-woman on the Left Bank charging unheard-of prices to an artist, and discovered she had collected all the editions in which the man was mentioned. To begin with, subscribers' interests were chiefly social: Mrs. Millamant wanted confirmation for her grandchildren that she really had dined with Mr. Gladstone. Now that all of us are much too busy wondering where the next lunch is coming from, that sort of thing is dying out, and most of the individual subscribers are professional people, who want to know either about public reaction to their work or about their pet

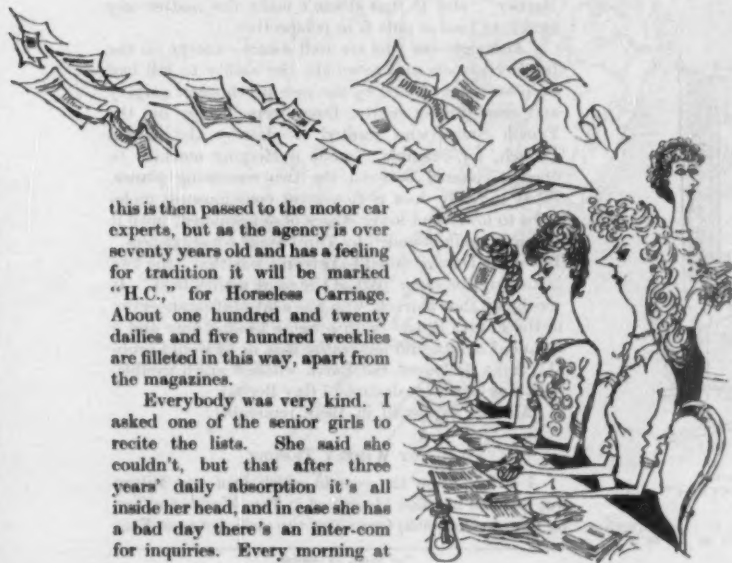


subject. But far the greatest number of cuttings now goes to big business and the Ministries, and as it has become impossible to sell a mousetrap or reduce the bacon ration without the help of a public relations officer this is quite understandable. It took big business a long time to catch on, but even in the early days a steeplejack subscribed for information on church spires said to be dilapidated, and in one month twelve thousand births were reported to a manufacturer of prams. It's quite easy for girls to take news in their stride if they are constantly being asked for all opinions on the Deluge and all theories as to the probable site of the Garden of Eden.

If you are the sort of person who gets himself in the papers the fees can mount up. Shaw and Barrie decided they were spending too much on cuttings, and devised a scheme to reduce their expenses. Barrie put Shaw into a forgotten piece called *Punch*, but all Shaw did was to write *Press Cuttings*, now almost equally forgotten. Bishop Hensley Henson (a subscriber) called this agency "a wonderful institution for harnessing human vanity to the advantage of human greed," and being only a simple newt-lover I can not be expected to improve on that.

But I do hope I have made everything pond-clear.

ERIC KROWN



this is then passed to the motor car experts, but as the agency is over seventy years old and has a feeling for tradition it will be marked "H.C." for Horseless Carriage. About one hundred and twenty dailies and five hundred weeklies are filleted in this way, apart from the magazines.

Everybody was very kind. I asked one of the senior girls to recite the lists. She said she couldn't, but that after three years' daily absorption it's all inside her head, and in case she has a bad day there's an inter-com for inquiries. Every morning at

What's Going On in the Back Room?

SCIENCE IN EVERYDAY LIFE

"SINCE," a character called Bradley said, "as you are well aware, the field strength H is inversely proportional to the distance r , then it is immediately obvious that dH/dr varies inversely as r^2 ." "Quite clear," said a character called Gibson, described as a popular novelist, admiringly. "I'm sorry to disappoint you," this person went on, "but I can still differentiate $1/r$ even at this advanced age."

This conversation took place, not in a lecture-room at a Scottish university, but in a space-ship. It was somewhere about the turn of the century—the twentieth century—when space-ships were still taking weeks and weeks to reach Mars and carrying only small crews and few passengers. In the circumstances it is not surprising that other topics should have been exhausted and small-talk such as that quoted (quoted, actually, from *The Sands of Mars*, by the eminent interplanetary A. C. Clarke) should occasionally have invaded the cabin.

To us in our stuffy mid-fifties environment, such a conversation would be intolerable, and Bradley (if only for those words "as you are well aware") would be pushed out through an air-lock into space, to be followed by the smug Mr. Gibson a microsecond later. What is important is to get the conversation into focus.



"This is the part I always feel stuck as up in a very poor light . . ."

What sort of things were going on at that time? What else was there to talk about?

Well, the first thing to realize is that by the standards of the time the exchange was hardly technical at all. Why, in 1933, long before this happened, the American Ray Berton could write "Maybe I could send and receive thoughts. But a lot of ESP groups could do that . . . Telepathy and ESP included other wild talents, I knew. An old woman on the South Canal* had claimed to have the power of teleportation. Gamblers talked about telekinesis."

BERTON OVER THE BARRIER

This Ray Berton was quite an ordinary guy, just a space-bum who had made a strike of heavy beryllium ("paired-atom stuff worth twice its weight in platinum") in the asteroids; but he got involved in some really advanced science much of which surprised even him. For example, a kind of latter-day Cliveden Set sent him through the Barrier into the Fourth Stage. Ray Berton, whose account of these happenings was published posthumously under the catchpenny title *Earth Needs a Killer*, made no effort to explain the Fourth Stage; "You can't explain colour to a man who's never seen colour," he wisely said. But a character called Malcolm observed about this Barrier-crossing "He is back in Fourth Stage reality now; we will go to work on the ten Uranium Pile men and remove the posthypnotic commands from their minds. We can do that now he has gone back through the Barrier"; and if that doesn't make the matter any easier, at least it puts it in perspective.

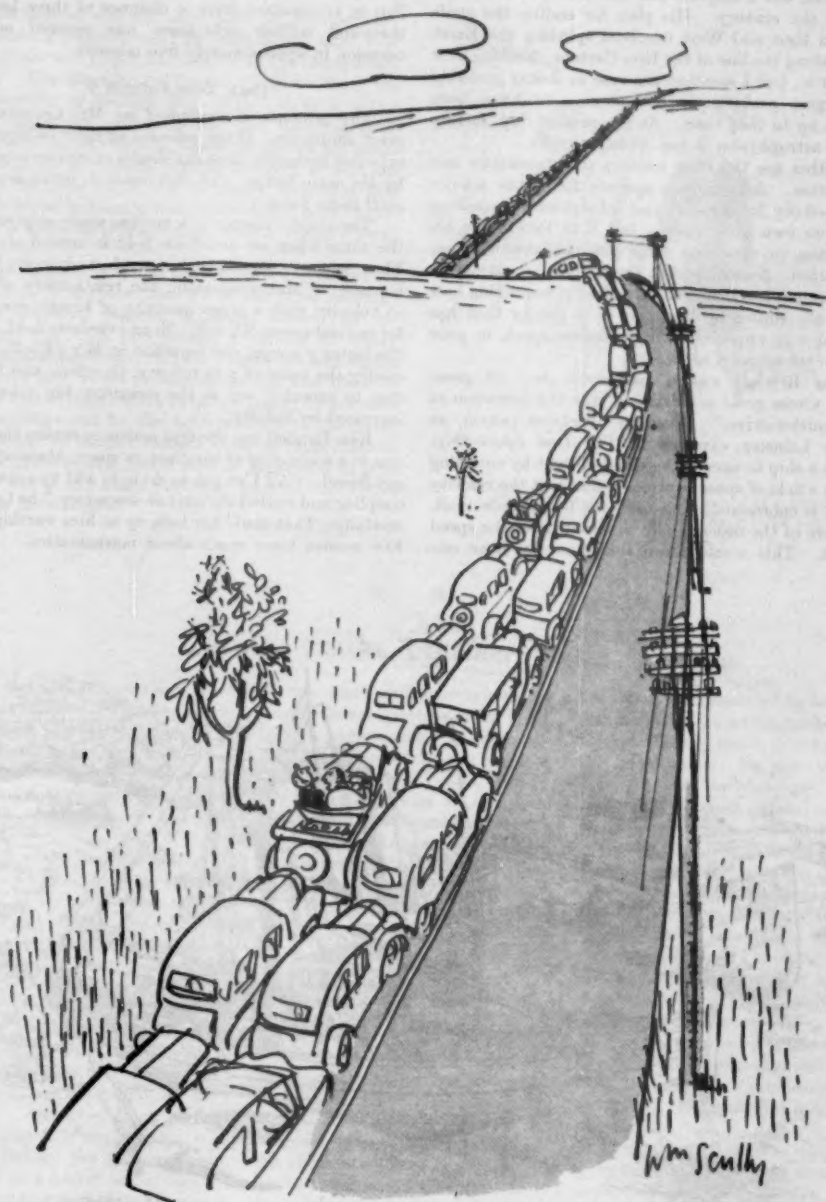
Although—as you are well aware—except on the frontier planets and asteroids, the ability to kill had been bred out of men by the new psychogenic surgery and conditioning marts, there were beings on the Fourth Stage who wanted to destroy the Earth. Durach, for example, "made a Merging machine to open a channel between the two coexisting planes. What it really does is to regress consciousness molecules to lower and lower stages of development until it becomes again bounded by Third Stage consciousness." But what Durach failed to perceive was that "the two planes are the same, part of the same reality field." It was lucky that Durach, who was a fat white man—even in the Fourth Stage—with jowls, a beaked nose and a little red mouth, did not realize this, or he would probably have destroyed the Earth without much trouble. As it was he simply destroyed Ray Berton.

All this happened in 1933, remember.

NOT WIDELY TAUGHT

I do not know the year in which Professor Milton put forward his plan (described in *Two Worlds for One*, by George O. Smith) for ending the strife between East

*of Mars, of course



"It's very lucky we are bumper to bumper—we're out of petrol."

and West, but I suspect that this also was about the turn of the century. His plan for ending the strife between East and West involved splitting the Earth in two along the line of the Iron Curtain. Nothing ever came of it; but I mention the case as it was probably the largest problem in astrophysics to have been studied up to that time. At the present day, luckily for us, astrophysics is not widely taught.

Neither are the twin sciences of astronautics and astrogation. Astronautics appears to be the science employed (by Mr. Bradley and others) when travelling about our own solar system, but Kim Rendell, in his pioneering voyages into other galaxies, depended on astrogation. Assuming that the word is a contraction of "astro-navigation," one cannot help wondering how one sets a course by the stars in a galaxy that has hitherto only appeared as a luminous speck in your electron telescope, if at all.

Kim Rendell was a back-room boy of great talent, whose great achievement was the invention of "transmitter-drive." Even in overdrive (which, as Murray Leinster explains in *The Last Space-Ship*, enables a ship to exceed the speed of light by enclosing itself in a field of space so stressed that in it the velocity of light is enormously increased) the best speeds available were of the order of two hundred times the speed of light. This would mean that journeys from one

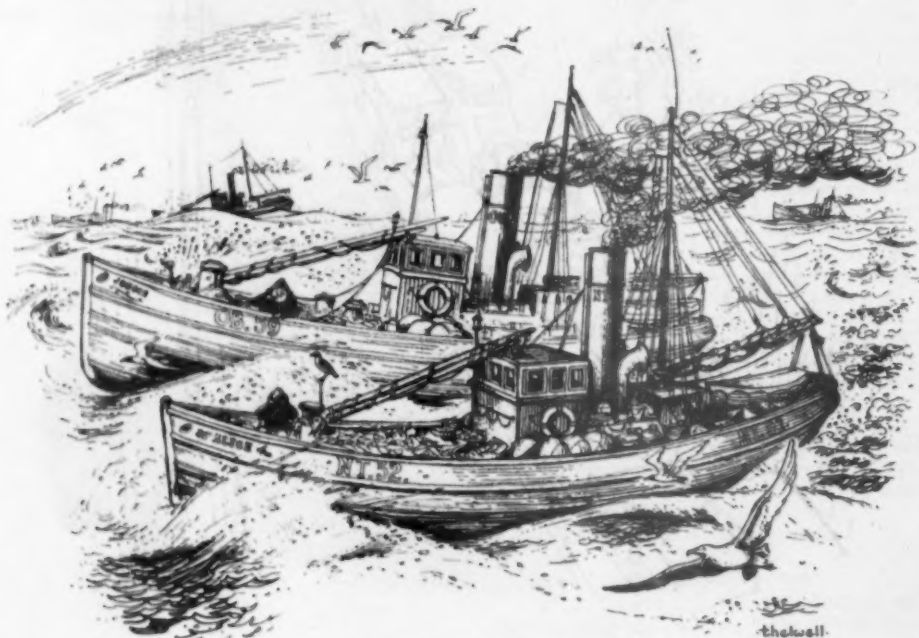
galaxy to another would take years, if not centuries. But in transmitter-drive a distance of three hundred thousand million light-years was covered on one occasion in approximately five minutes.

"CALL THIS FACTOR y"

The principle is explained by Mr. Leinster with great simplicity. If the velocity of light be increased, says this authority, then the inertia of matter is reduced by the same factor. Call this factor y, which is a very good name for it.

The kinetic energy of a moving space-ship remains the same when an overdrive field is formed about it. Thus, when its inertia is decreased, its velocity has to increase. "Mathematically, the relationship of mass to velocity with a given quantity of kinetic energy is, for normal space, $MV = E$. In an overdrive field, where the factor y enters, the equation is $M/y, yV = E$." By raising the value of y to infinity, therefore, and forgetting to cancel it out in the equation, the velocity is increased by infinity.

Kim Rendell was the first person to realize this. He was in a space-ship at the time, in space, alone with his girl-friend. "All I've got to do is to add two stages of coupling and rewind the exciter-secondary," he told her zestfully. That made her look up at him worshipfully. Few women know much about mathematics.



"We had fish—what did you have?"

APPROACHING THE ULTIMATE?

Kim Rendell was also responsible for the discovery that wearing hafnium next the skin would alter your psychogram and make you immune to the Disciplinary Circuit. The Disciplinary Circuit—I quote from the *Encyclopædia of History*, Vol. XXIV—was a device based upon the discovery of the psychographic patterns of human beings, which permitted the exact identification of persons passing through a neuronic field of the type IX₂H. It is hardly surprising that a discovery so politically dangerous should have landed him in a space-ship heading at infinite velocity away from home.

It is pleasant to record that, although debarred for one reason or another from all of the three hundred million inhabited planets, he found himself an uninhabited one with two moons, a climate of balmy warmth, extraordinarily flexible vegetation and nights filled with soft, sweet unfamiliar smells, and there he and his wife set themselves to raise a family by methods quite uninfluenced by the achievements of the back-room boys. I cannot hazard even an approximate date for these events, but it may be significant to note that it was at this stage that Kim Rendell first began to quote from *Hamlet*.

B. A. YOUNG



"According to the radio, if we're east of a line from somewhere to somewhere else you'd better take your umbrella."

TRAVEL COLUMN

FOR the last few weeks I have been exploring the smaller Caribbean islands and can warmly recommend them to anyone who has a taste for lounging in the sun and eating huge meals, perfectly cooked. There is also much of historical interest.

As I write, the blue waters of the bay and the brightly-coloured parasols of the cab-drivers make a feast for the eye. To the westward rises the white-and-gold façade of the Ritz-Savoy, whose asparagus in rum must be tasted to be believed. Farther along, just past the Cathedral, the beauty of whose interior is reputed to be quite unusual, is the Claridge-Waldorf, where they make a mango omelette that is very heaven. Gently turning in my chaise-longue, I see, peeping over the Art Gallery, the Maxime-Voisin, where I once had a dish of lobster, ice-cream and truffles that lingers in my memory like some beautiful symphony, say one of Beethoven's. In active mood one can hire a

private coach and drive out to the world-famous grottoes. The hotel, though unpretentious, is very comfortable and specializes in sturgeon cooked in Imperial Tokay.

For readers who do not mind roughing it there is a camel caravan starting from Amman for the Nejd at the end of the month. Those whose time is limited can dismount at the first oasis and walk back. The cheapest route is by carcass-boat from Grimaby to Jaffa and then by the weekly bus. It is advisable to take an air-cushion.

I have often found that one of the pleasantest lounging holidays is to join some millionaire friend and cruise at random off the Californian coast. The scenery is magnificent and a really good chef can do wonders with the varied sea-food. An occasional shore excursion will prevent the long, idle days from becoming monotonous. South of S. Luis Obispo is an hotel whose *pièce de résistance* is caviare whipped up with cream and Napoleon brandy.

California was inhabited by Indians and Spaniards before the Americans, so that there is much to stimulate the imagination. Do not on any account miss the delicious cakes made with chopped walnut, marsh-mallow and nougat.

Several readers have asked me about cheap holidays in the Arctic Circle. I can warmly recommend the blubber camps in Northern Greenland for those who would like to earn their keep. The total cost, including share of igloo and hire of meat-axe, is very reasonable. Some of the smaller tramp lines from Greenock are prepared to hire deck-hands—for passage-money and part-food. Camp life is strenuous but rewarding. It is essential to join in sing-songs.

Next month I hope to return to a very special haunt of mine, the enchanted isles west of Samoa, with their beautiful coast-lines, halcyon climate and excellent hotels. Six meals a day are usual and there are frequent snacks. To wake up in the

morning and gaze out over wafting palm-trees as you restore your energies with turtle soup and a glass of champagne makes you wonder whether, perchance, our industrial civilization has not missed the true path. Some of the smaller villages have interesting native crafts and rock-formations. In all of them you can be certain of discovering some toothsome delicacy, if you are prepared to take a little trouble.

I am told that a few of the Continental railways are now prepared to take amateur firemen at a considerable reduction in fare. This sounds an admirable way of covering a good deal of ground inexpensively. It is as well to strengthen the muscles by careful exercise before leaving home, as the shovels are a little heavy for the beginner. One attractive route is Dunkirk-Lille-Liége-Essen-The Hook, starting the holiday at Tilbury and ending at Harwich.

I hope shortly to be able to give a personal report on Casablanca. From all accounts it is a paradise, and the menus I have seen confirm this. Called Mauretania by the Romans, Morocco is nowadays known the world over for the succulence and ingenuity of its secret recipes. I am looking forward to testing its quail cooked in Cointreau, which, I hear, is quite epoch-making.

R. G. G. PRICE

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

PROPOSAL TO CHANGE A SHIP'S NAME.
I, ABELARDO JIMENEZ, of 36 Town Range, Gibraltar HEREBY GIVE NOTICE that in consequence of my preference for a new name I have applied to the Minister of Transport, under Section 47, of the Merchant Shipping Act, 1894, in respect of the Ship ROSANAGE of London, Official Number 183078 of gross tonnage 138.00 Tons, register tonnage 80.00 tons, heretofore owned by me for permission to change her name to FERRYNEEDRAETH and to have her registered in the new name at the Port of London as owned by me.

Any objections to the proposed change of name must be sent to the Register of Shipping at London within seven days from the appearance of this advertisement.

Advt. in Daily Telegraph

The first objection doubtless came from the ship's own radio officer.

TYPHOON MANQUÉ

"A.H." said the old sea captain, "that box. Funny you should ask about that."

It would, in point of fact, have been much funnier if I hadn't. The box was on the little table beside the captain's chair. He had been turning it over and over in his gnarled old hands when I came in, and had put it down on the table, half reluctantly, to shake hands with me. This always happened to some object or other; I used to think of it as Exhibit A. The only exception had been on my last visit, when I had caught him trying on a new set of false teeth, and the table was covered with wrappings and National Health forms. The harpoon which he had caught up as he shot across the room from the mirror to his chair had been too long to turn over and over without looking like a drum major, and I had found him sitting very upright holding it in one hand, like Britannia, unwilling or unable to tell the simplest story about it. But he didn't generally make a mistake.

"That box now," he said, fixing me with his bright blue eyes. "Must have been in 'eighty-five or six, when I was Number Two on the old *Glencarran*. Ran into a typhoon two days out of Hong Kong." I came back with the orthodox defence to a typhoon opening, a sort of whistling noise between the teeth and a slightly forward seat. "We were under storm trysails, but she was taking it green." His speech thickened. He put his hand to his jaw and gazed out of the window with his old, far-seeing eyes. I waited till he should recover himself, but his thoughts were far away. I wondered if the teeth would ever really fit.

"The fore-topmast!" I said at last. He nodded. "Carried away," he said thickly. "Number Three?" He nodded again. "Overboard," he said. I tut-tutted sympathetically in the intervals of my typhoon whistling. It sounded like a bicycle-pump with a loose washer.

He dropped his hand wearily on to the arm of his chair and spoke in a more normal voice. "Cargo shifted," he said. "Barrels rolling everywhere. Sent men below to make them fast, but they crushed the life out of them." He stopped and winced slightly. I stopped whistling and began moaning gently at regular intervals, like a very small fog-signal. He got started again, but was making heavy weather of it. His style became increasingly telegraphic.

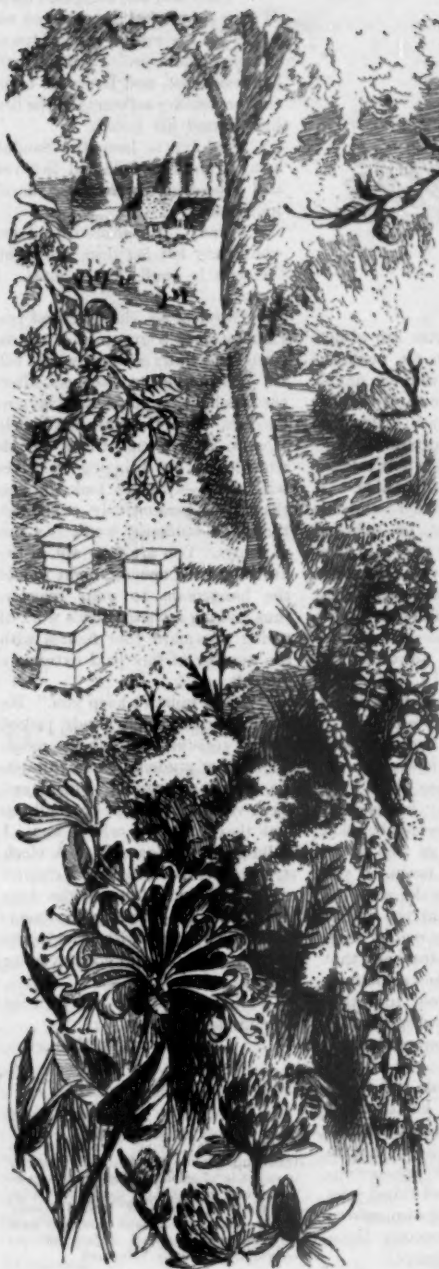
"Listing badly," he said. "Ordered abandon ship. Seas like mountains." I stopped moaning and began to whistle again. "Open boat," he said. "Others all lost." I threw in a moan or two, but still kept mainly to whistling. He looked out of the window again. "Fourteen days?" I said. He looked at me sharply and said "Sixteen." I tutted.

He wrestled with himself. "Young 'uns went first," he said. I moaned. I said "Threw them to the sharks?" He nodded. There was a pause. "All alone?" I said. He nodded again. "Boat capsized in breakers," I went on with increasing confidence. "Swam to island. Priest of temple found you on the beach." He offered no comment. He gazed out of the window, his jaw working uncertainly. "Portuguese tramp called after six months," I said. "Priest gave you the box—wood of sacred tree. Supposed to give long life." He began, in his turn, to whistle slightly; his face was oddly suffused. I said "Had it ever since. Keep jade image in it you got at—"

He stopped whistling and said "Studs." I looked at him. He took a deep breath. "Studs," he said again. "Not that box." He paused and winced. "Burnt years ago," he said savagely. "Got this at Parker's. Plastic. Had to have something. I've been all the time trying to tell you only you wouldn't listen."

He gazed fiercely out of the window and turned the box over and over in his gnarled old hands. He was still turning it over and over when I crept from the room.

P. M. HUBBARD



BEE SONG

OUR honey's all in store: the apple-blossom first,
the apple-blossom first, then cherry, pear and
plum,
then cherry, pear and plum blessed us for our gold
thirst,
blessed us for our gold thirst and pollen-laden hum.

The fingers of the breeze plucked singing threads of
sound
from our uncounted flights through May's glad
madrigal
and moved more murmurously to deepen the rich
tune
among the meadowsweet as grass and flowers grew
tall,
as grass and flowers grew tall, and all the world was
drowned
beneath the noontide sun in the full blaze of June.

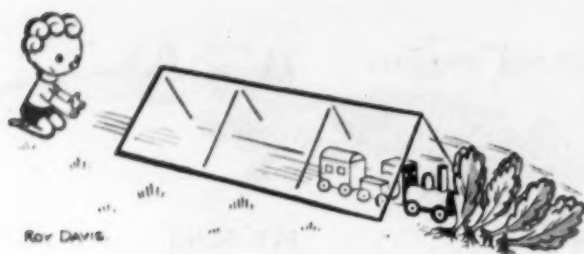
In honeysuckled June our velvet shuttles flew,
our velvet shuttles flew through sun-threads loomed
on light,
through sun-threads loomed on light: O not in Xanadu,
O not in Xanadu fabrics so flower-bright!

There hung for our delight green tassels of the lime,
apread for our pleasure were the clover's crimson
knots,
in a green shade we sought for candytuft, and thyme,
and found unerringly the spiciest bergamots.

Our frenzy waxing yet we plundered all July,
high summer was our own, her roses had no thorns
to hinder our bold raids, but deep from their deep
wells,
oh, deep from their deep wells we drank in ecstasy,
and, drunk with ecstasy, blew tiger-lily horns,
rang all the foxglove's peals, swung Canterbury
bells.

Ourselves the honey tongues that made them clash
together
and this their tocsin was: Marauders, off once more!
Marauders, off once more! And when we've sacked
the heather,
and when we've sacked the heather our honey's all
in store.

R. C. SCRIVES



FIRST NIGHT

"I'VE had to put you in Room Fifteen next door to Miss Brittain and her Music Appreciators," said the Principal. And as I tried to thank him it seemed that he looked at me with compassion. "But you'll be all right if no one is learning the trombone. They had one last year, and I had to move the whole class down to the basement next to Mr. Wheelwright and his Handicrafters. They tended to cancel each other out . . ."

"You may find it advisable," the Principal went on, "not to attempt anything too ambitious on your first night. If I might make a suggestion . . ."

"By all means do," I broke in, in twisting my fingers.

" . . . get your class sorted out."

You'll find that there are always some who want to sit next the window and others who are unable to settle down unless they are near the door. And to prevent distracting traffic back and forwards at intervals during the session, it's best to clear this up as soon as possible. A colleague once handed me his resignation because he allowed everyone in his class who said they felt a draught to move. Things got to the point where the entire class was huddled round the stove knitting and doing crossword puzzles with their backs towards the lecturer."

The Principal leant back in his chair and closed his eyes.

"Then you must try to *establish* yourself. Many an instructor can hold a class breathless simply by, for instance, the way he uses his chalk. Incidentally, remember that this is a day-school as well as an evening institute. I mean—if you have to use chalk, make sure it's wiped off the board at the end of the evening. We have regular complaints from infant teachers that rather peculiar notes and sometimes illustrations calculated to upset their pupils are still displayed in the morning for impressionable eyes to see."

The Principal took the filling from a ball-pen and looked at it critically. "Have you noticed that these things don't write if they're cold? No matter. Ah, yes—establishing yourself. A well-timed joke can create the intimate atmosphere I should think is necessary for—what is your subject again?"

"Folklore and Witchcraft."

"Yes—and don't frighten them. If your people feel insecure you will never get the results which I've no doubt you deserve." The Principal's eyebrows met, and I relaxed under the momentary softening of the firm lines round his mouth.

"And try to keep the Sandals away from the Coloured Scarves, and Pipe-smokers from the Sandwich-eaters."

"Surely," I ventured, as I unwound my left leg from my right, "a class is—well, just a class. I mean . . ."

"My dear sir, the practised eye, running over a group of students, recognizes those sections which will be obstructionists, seekers-after-the-limelight, arguers and favour-carriers. Then there are the Lonely Hearts, as we call them, people who insist on bringing relatives with them—'just to look on'—so that, it is persuasively explained, they, the students, won't feel out of things. You are very apt in the hurly-burly of opening night to add the hangers-on to your register, thus making my secretary's work of trying to square your figures with the number of fees paid extremely difficult."

"But I mustn't keep you." He rose; I tried to shake hands, picked up my register, and left the room. A group of students came towards me, singing or arguing. I displayed the covers of my register casually so that they could see who I was. I walked on to Room 15. A clock struck seven somewhere. I cleared my throat loudly, opened the door and strode in—bustling, business-like, a personality with a let's-get-down-to-it-air. I said good evening briskly . . .

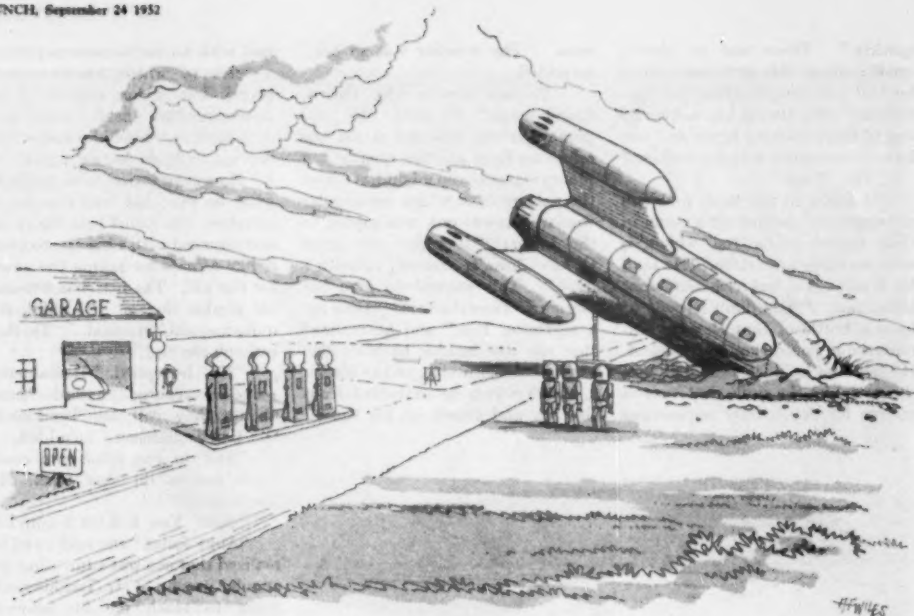
Perhaps somebody will turn up later in the week.

FERGUSON MACLAY



"Every day, about 10 a.m., a van draws up outside the bank and money in sacks is wheeled out on trolleys to it. Yesterday everything went normally, and the van drove off, loaded mainly with coppers. The bank manager said the van had arrived safely at its destination."—Daily Telegraph

Our police are wonderful.



"Why don't they move or say something?"

PARTY FOR OSTROW

"DO you think there's any pleasure in fun?" She had a sort of convulsive ordinairiness, like a piece of plain paper screwed up. "I'm afraid I haven't yet said good evening to our hostess," he said; "she seemed to be busy."

"I shouldn't try to break the circle of eminence around her; Judith won't thank you for it, Mr. Michaelson." He sensed a past of shared gas-rings and a present of imperfectly shared mink. The room spread about him like a trap for some kind of fur-bearing animal; he felt his back anxiously, and was reassured by the feel of serge between his fingers. "Ostrow hasn't come yet," she said. He contented himself with the sort of laugh which actors extract from plays in little theatres when they can no longer extract anything from the dialogue.

"That was a strange noise, Mr. Michaelson."

"There are stranger," he replied.

"What did you say your name was?"

The question was answered by an old gentleman, who appeared at that moment, carrying, for some reason, an unopened envelope. "Why, Mrs. Dixon," he said, "it is jolly to see you after so long, and offering our friend Tomkinson a right royal feast of wit, I don't doubt. Good evening, Tomkinson."

He said good evening, and added "sir," thinking that anyone must be sir to a person called Tomkinson. This slightly upset the old gentleman, who had been put out by this form of address used casually ever since a reluctant Sovereign had conferred on him the right to use it formally. He himself always said "my dear sir," to show that respect was tempered by affection.

"There seems to be a lot of people one doesn't know," he confided; "it's jolly to meet those one does, Mrs. Dixon." But she had

gone. The old gentleman then sat down near a table on which were a number of empty glasses; he looked at his envelope for some time, but finally put it away unopened, and drew two of the glasses towards him: "Let A be the government," he said, "and let B represent the people: in which case, my dear sir, what does $A \text{ plus } B$ equal?"

He was considering this, with an expression of assumed intelligence, when an angular woman placed a burning cigarette in his hand. He forgot the old gentleman and his curious conundrum in his anxiety to transfer this to an ash-tray while some of the skin of his palm remained intact, and he managed the operation with great dexterity, confronting the angular woman with an expression of triumph which seemed to amuse her. "I can see you're not used to Judith's parties," she said.

"Why?"

"Because you have to move

quickly." There was an elusive quality about this statement which he had not caught when she continued: "She always has it done by one of these catering firms, and you have to run races with the waiters."

"Oh. I see."

"I failed in my heat, and was consequently daubed with some of that tinned cod's roe which is masquerading as caviare." He said, Oh I see, again, but with a different intonation. "You don't happen to have a bottle of that clever stain-remover on you, do you?" she asked. He said that he'd left it behind, and she gave him the smile that women reserve for delightfully unpractical

men. "The weather was so hot," he added.

"Perhaps that's why Ostrow hasn't come," she said. He said perhaps it was, and the theme was taken up from another quarter. A plump woman, who might have been the pattern from which the angular woman was cut out, was saying to the latter: "It seems the great Ostrow hasn't arrived; Judith's livid." This seemed to give her pleasure. Then she said: "Give me a cigarette, Ben," and he realized that she was looking at him. He gave her the cigarette, and lit it with a match which he extracted from the box and struck on his thumb

nail with an instantaneous gesture, a trick of which he was justly proud, but which neither of the women noticed. Instead, there was a delighted cry behind him, and a voice saying: "Oh, do do that again!"

He was prepared to do much for what he saw, but had run out of matches. She dived into the crowd and returned with a box; he received it like a matador taking the sword for the kill. The matches flared in his nimble fingers. "I think it's quite magical," she said. "Do they call you Merlin?"

"No," he replied. "Hereabouts"—and he savoured the word—"hereabouts they call me Tomkinson. Old Ben Tomkinson," he added.

"And do you think you could teach me to do that trick, Mr. Tomkinson?"

"Yes. Yes, I think I could."

"Aunt Janet," she said—and he realized that she was addressing the angular woman—"Mr. Tomkinson is going to teach me his magical match trick."

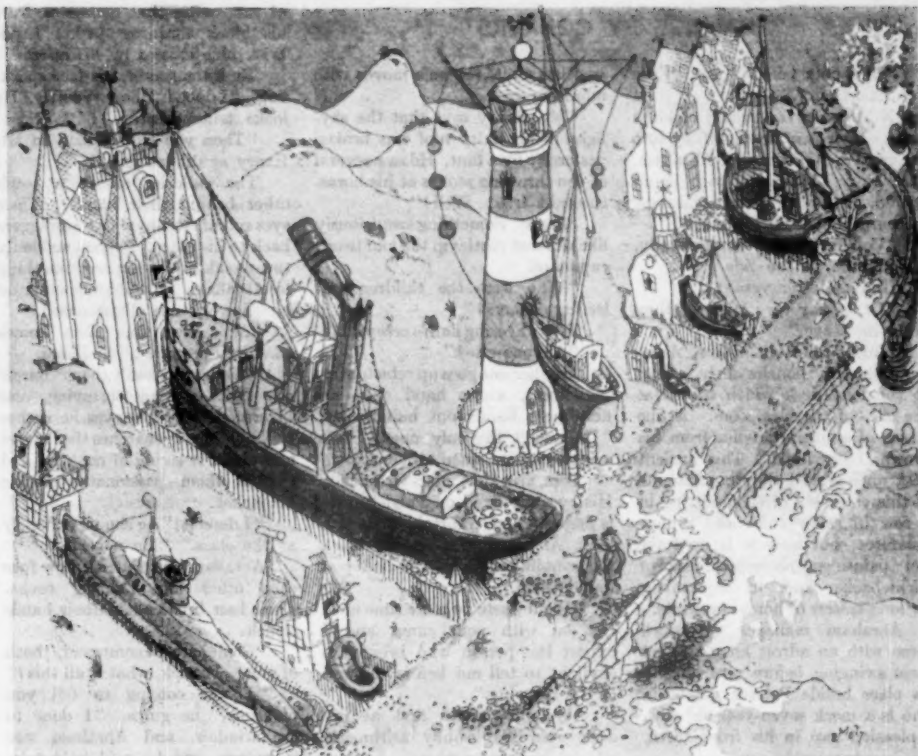
"Mr. Tomkinson has a trick of making an emergency out of everything, and moreover has an obvious predilection for arson," said Aunt Janet. He replaced the matches in his pocket, whispering "Never mind; another time." Then in a loud voice he said: "I'm afraid I can't wait any longer for the precious Ostrow." The women were talking quietly, with queer smiles on their faces.

He said good-bye, and made for the door; but the match-box fell out of his pocket, spilling its contents everywhere. While he was picking them up a man fell over him, and remarked coldly that this was not the place for undergraduate horseplay. He saw that the old gentleman was again looking at his unopened envelope, and when he got home he seemed to remember a woman called Mrs. Dixon, who had asked a question that he hadn't answered.

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Locke," he said, "do you think there's any pleasure in fun?" Her face stared back at him from the mahogany she polished so nobly: "I don't know about that, I'm sure, Mr. Ostrow," she said.



"We're lost all right. I can feel that
'I have been here before' feeling coming on."



"Oh yes, after a gale everybody in Marine Drive wakes up to find a boat in their front garden."

1952x

"A faint new comet without a tail has been discovered in the constellation Cepheus."—*The Times*, August 23, 1952

WHAT can we do for you, poor little wanderer,
Nova novissima, vagula, parvula,
Faint new comet without a tail!

Faint with the transit from outer infinity,
Worn with the passage of æons—no wonder
your
Tail should be shorn and your glory fail.

What can we do that's reviving, restorative,
Suiting a comet forlorn with long journeying?
Milk from the Galaxy, pail on pail!

Rides on the Wain, or a kiss from the Virgin, a

Sluice from the watering-can of Aquarius?
Libra shall ration it all to scale.

What happens then? Will you, waxing obstreperous,
Teasing the Crab and annoying the Gemini,
Grow light-yearly more caudate, hale?

No, for the practical, prosy astronomers
Long before that will have caught you and numbered
you,
Classified, analysed, docketed, registered:
No one (save me) will perceive in a date and a
Letter the quondam pathetic, frail,
Faint new comet without a tail.

DAMAGE BY CONKERS

"I've a note here," I say, "from Mr. Henry."

Nineteen of the twenty children clatter their pencils thankfully into the grooves of their desks. Abraham, the gipsey, remains with head bowed. He is concentrating on some treasure hidden on his knees.

"Conkers," I say emphatically, "should be on the side."

He remains engrossed.

"Or," I say very loudly, "they go in the stove."

Without looking at me, Abraham shuffles nonchalantly across to the long desk which stands at the side of the classroom. A fine string of conkers dangles from his brown, bony hand. This ancient desk once served the grandparents of this class, six of them sitting in a row in sailor suits and zephyr pinafores; but now it is used for wet paintings, elevenes, jars of sticklebacks, and, in September, for long tassels of horse-chestnuts.

Abraham manages to knock these with an adroit knee and set them swinging before returning to his place beside Patrick. Patrick, who is a meek seven-year-old with a pleasing gap in his front teeth,

watches all Abraham's moves with admiring eyes.

"Mr. Henry says that the skylight in his dairy roof was broken yesterday by a flint. He saw several of you throwing stones at his horse-chestnut tree. Well?"

Silence. Something suspiciously like a mouse rustles in the handwork cupboard.

"Who were the children collecting conkers?"

Two wavering hands creep aloft.

"Anyone else?"

Another one goes up reluctantly.

Ernest, whose hand went up first, here bursts out indignantly. "Us wasn't the only ones. There was two others, wasn't there, Tom?"

Tom, arm aloft, nods virtuously. His eyes are fixed on Patrick, who is fidgeting uncomfortably. Beside him, Abraham studies his black finger-nails as though he had just found them.

"We'll waste no more time now. Get on with your sums, and I expect the person who broke the skylight to tell me before the end of the morning."

Abraham arrives first at my desk with his grubby arithmetic

book. In the overpowering aroma of raw onion that emanates from his black corduroy jacket I put brick blue crosses by his efforts.

He leans nearer, his face sparkling. "I done it," he says softly. He looks triumphant.

"Then you will explain to Mr. Henry at dinner-time."

The children mouth at each other behind their hands. Their eyes roll at Abraham as he swaggers back to his place. Patrick suddenly turns pink and whispers something to Abraham. Abraham rounds on him fiercely, one elbow raised.

"You shut up. You knows what you promised," he hisses.

"Well, you shan't then," bursts out Patrick, tears springing, and before our horrified eyes he rushes to the side desk, snatches the longest and glossiest string of conkers, and thrusts them passionately inside his jacket.

"I done it!" he shouts defiantly at the class. "He never!"

Abraham and Patrick now face each other like fighting cocks. Their hair bristles and their hands clench.

"Come here," I command, "both of you. Patrick, what is all this?"

"I was coming to tell you playtime," he gulps. "I done in the window, and Abraham was there too, and he said he'd take the wiggling, if old Henry come out, if I'd give up my conkers to him. But he never—come out, I mean—and I run home. And I'd sooner face old Henry meself than give him my conkers!"

He glares at Abraham, still clutching his bulging jacket.

I assume the mantle of Solomon, and address the tearful Patrick first.

"You should have owned up at once, and saved us all a mint of trouble. Go and apologize to Mr. Henry at once."

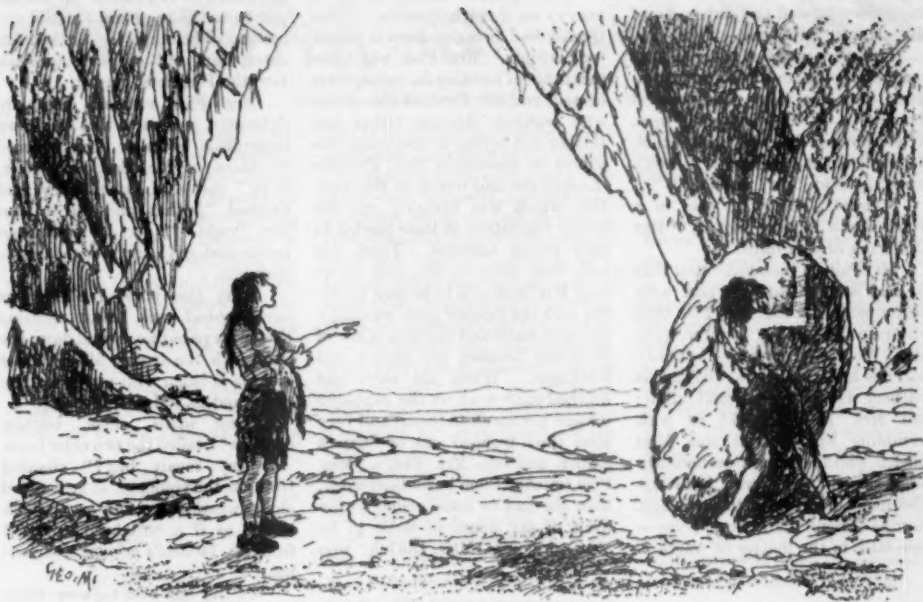
He departs—conkers, tears and all—and I turn to Abraham. He stares at me boldly, with black eyes a thousand years old in wicked wisdom. Solomon's mantle slips a little askew.

"Abraham," I begin hopelessly, "you surely know the difference between right and wrong..."

D. J. SAINT



"... and so to our last lot, gentlemen.
One auctioneer's bench and gavel."



"No, dear—I think after all the rock was best where it was before."

LIFE WITH THE GROOBYS

Pest Control

APART from Mr. Snape, who tends to be obtrusive, we are modest gardeners in our neighbourhood. Mrs. Prudder has a book called *Gardening Week by Week*, from which she dictates to Mr. Prudder, but somehow their garden remains bare and scraggy. Mrs. Fish operates genteelly, wearing gloves and a straw hat and employing for the rough work an aged man named Paucus, whom she underpays and continually suspects of making away with her choicest plants and vegetables. No one quite knows about Miss Quelch's garden, because it is surrounded by a high wall; but the Groobys' is open to view, and anyone who has seen their show of cow-parsley and docks will hardly forget the sight.

It was Miss Quelch who suggested that we should have a little

competition to see who could grow the best cabbage, and Mrs. Fish who thought of combining it with the Women's Institute Garden Fête, at a time when it was known the Snapes would be away. A committee was formed to draw up some rules, and a quite surprising amount of competitive spirit was engendered. Mrs. Prudder let it be known that she was going for the prize "bald-headed," and Mr. Prudder had to take a week off work to catch up with her reading. The effect on the Groobys was also remarkable: for whole days they were not seen at all, and only the agitation of some of the topmost branches of the cow-parsley showed where they were clawing their way down to the good earth.

Everyone was delighted, and a special meeting was held outside our

gate to celebrate the solution of the Grooby Problem. "It was what they needed," Mrs. Fish and Miss Quelch and Mrs. Prudder said to each other. "Just something to occupy them! It was all they needed!" And when they had finished smiling at one another they went off to strengthen their defences against the day when the Groobys should tire of their new pursuit, and we heard Mrs. Fish asking Mrs. Prudder if she thought the body-building tablets she was giving Mr. Prudder would be suitable for Binjie and Plod.

Actually the boys didn't tire of their gardening, and it was Snape who brought them out of their jungle to help him with the sticking of one of his mammoth hedges of peas. Quite what he did to them we never knew, but they worked long hours in his garden and became

highly skilled at weeding and picking caterpillars off the undersides of his gigantic cabbages.

Mrs. Fish watched them as they went along the rows with their jam-jars; then she went down to tell Paucus to do the same with hers. When she had finished, Paucus took a long look at the sky. "I aren't sure," he said, "as I got time."

"Time!" Mrs. Fish said in a voice like a factory hooter. "But this is one of your days!"

Mr. Paucus then intimated that he had secured another post with better prospects, and Mrs. Fish took him into the kitchen to interrogate him. We saw him come out twenty minutes later, looking as pale as his leathery complexion would allow; and Mrs. Prudder told us with trembling lips that it was Miss Quelch who had thus treacherously lured the old man away from one who had always tried to treat him more as a friend than an employee—especially in the matter of wages.

The placid afternoon grew heavy, as if with thunder. Miss Quelch had revealed herself in her true colours. Mrs. Fish was quite incapable of hunting for caterpillars herself, and Mr. Prudder was otherwise engaged, dashing hither and thither and trying to neutralize the effects of something Mrs. Prudder thought she had heard on the wireless, which was bringing out the entire vegetation of their garden in ugly purple blotches. There was only one thing to do, and before long Mrs. Fish was to be seen hovering near the Snapes' gate, wearing a honeyed smile and carrying a bar of chocolate between her thumb and forefinger. When the boys had finished their work on the cabbages we saw her speak to them; and very soon they trooped out of Snape's garden and into Mrs. Fish's. Mrs. Fish watched them begin their work; then she had to come round to the front of her house in order to be able to ignore Miss Quelch, who

happened to be passing. When she got back the boys had finished and seemed to be emptying the last few caterpillars out of their jam-jars into the Prudders' garden.

Mrs. Fish watched them indulgently, unaware that her own caterpillars had now been replaced by those of Mr. Snape. "Now, boys," she said, when they had finished, "is that quite fair to kind Mrs. Prudder?" and she took them inside and gave them each a stale rock-bun.

From this point the Groobys never looked back. Next morning they were parading up and down the road with the trolley Mr. Prudder had made laden with jam-jars, tins, tools, and an old stirrup-pump.

"Any snails, slugs, blights, diseases?" called the two elder boys.

"Any mealy bug!" chanted Graham, the youngest, as he trudged along wearing a cloth cap which looked as if it had been salvaged from Mr. Paucus's private compost-heap.

We did our best to keep them from entering our gardens, but in the long run their enthusiasm was irresistible. During the next few days they did a brisk business redistributing the deadlier garden pests, until, after a spell of damp weather, the whole neighbourhood apart from Mr. Snape's had the look of a testing ground for some new form of inter-planetary warfare.

No one knew what was going on behind Miss Quelch's high wall, but Mrs. Fish was quick to grasp the realities of the situation. Remark- ing that it was clear that the competition would have to be abandoned, she invited Miss Quelch to attend a meeting to wind up the affairs of the committee. "Rightly or wrongly," she said to Mrs. Prudder, "I've never been one to harbour a grudge."

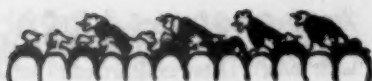
We saw Miss Quelch go into Mrs. Fish's, and there must have been quite a reconciliation scene during the next three and a half hours. Mrs. Prudder was in attendance of course, but Mr. Prudder had to be excused in order to instruct the Groobys in the use of the rope-ladder which he had made for them at the request of Mrs. Fish.



"Come back! Come back!" yelled Old Grumpy Gravitation. But the Little Red Space-Ship didn't bear. He was off to the moon as fast as his supersonic boots would take him."



AT THE PLAY



Quadrille (PHOENIX)—*Macbeth* (MERMAID)

QUADRILLE brings the LUNTS to London, for which we must be grateful, but as a vehicle it is under-powered for so privileged a mission. Wanting a plot for a romantic foursome of the 1870's, Mr. NOEL COWARD has reverted to "Private Lives," but with an important difference: in the earlier play the clash of couples was accidental and therefore dramatic, while in *Quadrille* it is openly contrived and goes for little. No sooner has *Lady Herondene* been blarneyed by the galvanic railroad

that of their opposite numbers, who have fallen most surprisingly in love. The disintegration of the first pair is too easily achieved, and the complications which we feel we have a right to expect in such a very simple story boil down to incursions by a farcical clergyman and by one of those crazy Englishwomen of whom the Alpes Maritimes are never short.

The crisper and crueler handling which modern characters would have received from Mr. COWARD might have saved these tenuous situations; as it is the effect is tepid, only mildly romantic and only mildly funny. With one exception the types are conventional, but the exception is, in my view, the most interesting person Mr. COWARD has ever created. The millionaire may be over-civilized for his boasted origins, but he is a complete character who scores tremendously by the force of his artless sincerity. He is something quite new in Mr. COWARD's gallery, and one will remember the play for the long speech in which he sweeps *Lady Herondene* off her feet with an impassioned paean to the locomotive. No one else could play the part as Mr. LUNT does. Rolling his eyes like an anxious Clydesdale and looking a beef-fed early Shaw, he makes every bolt in his railroad a separate lyric. Miss FONTANNE's material is less exciting, but as always she is beautiful and flawless, and by sheer accomplishment she makes her dialogue sound wittier than it is. In the other corners of the square are puppets. Handicapped as the *Marquis* by the arch language of a Victorian novel-ette, Mr. GRIFFITH JONES fights a losing battle bravely, and Miss MARIAN SPENCER, saddled with one of Boston's feeble exports, is equally game. Mr. COWARD has put his own polish on an admirable production, to which Mr. CECIL BEATON contributes charming decorations. That he is himself enchanted by the dresses he has given Miss

FONTANNE we are comfortingly informed in a programme advertisement.

At the Mermaid Mr. BERNARD MILES' company is carrying on the experiment begun last year in scientifically determined Elizabethan English. This is interesting, but really only a professors' frolic, which I should be sorry to see go much farther. To the lay ear it is Shakespeare spoken at the squire's end of a West-Country four ale bar, and to the lay eye the laboratory-tested Global gestures that accompany it are remarkably like ours. Mr. MILES' and Miss JOSEPHINE WILSON's performances match an honest, vigorous production by Miss JOAN SWINSTEAD, and the Mermaid's apron stage remains delightful.

Recommended

The River Line (Lyric, Hammersmith) is a fine play, although it over-tortures conscience. Emlyn Williams in *Bleak House* (Ambassadors) should start another Dickens revival. For very light comedy try *The Happy Marriage* (Duke of York's).

ERIC KEOWN



Quadrille
Sensu—MISS LYNN FONTANNE
And Diogenes—MR. ALFRED LUNT

king from the Middle West into rushing in pursuit of their errant partners—a glaringly improbable proceeding at that date—than we have guessed, with the help of the programme, Mr. COWARD's intention; the station buffet at Boulogne, used in the opening scene for the flight of the *Marquis* and his infatuated railroad queen, is used in the last for



Macbeth
Macbeth—MR. BERNARD MILES



at the PICTURES



Casque d'Or—Meet Me To-night

IT's arguable that the "X" certificate can do more harm than good, though probably it is the best way out of a difficult situation. The trouble is that whatever the value, merit, technical accomplishment or significance of a film given an "X" certificate, great crowds of people for whom all those qualities are completely irrelevant will make for it with their tongues hanging out hoping for just one thing—to be shocked, to find what they call "hot stuff." Curiously, it is precisely this frame of mind that is most characteristic of juvenility or adolescence, which in effect makes these people resemble the children and young persons that the "X" certificate is designed to keep away. Thus a considerable proportion of many audiences at *Casque d'Or* (Director: JACQUES BECKER) is bound to be quite incapable of appreciating its excellence; and not only that, but to be likely to spread discontented reports about it afterwards because—though this will hardly be admitted as the reason—it did not turn out to be nearly shocking enough. The story is in essence a melodrama, said to be based on real characters in the Paris

of its period (around 1900); the central figure is Marie—the English title of the piece is *Golden Marie*—a beautiful, notorious woman of the town known as "Casque d'Or" from her helmet-like style of hairdressing. Much of the incident is simple, violent and—if you like—sordid: Marie is one of the kept women of a gang of apaches, and in the set-up of the gang itself some of the familiar situations of the American gang film recur. But the emphasis here is on Marie, and her tragic love for Manda, a young carpenter unwillingly involved with the gang; both SIMONE SIGNORET as Marie and SERGE REGGIANI as Manda give beautiful performances, and the brief episode of happiness they have together at Joinville is as freshly charming as anything in the same director's *Antoine et Antoinette* or *Edouard et Caroline*. Moreover the gang situations are transformed, brought to life by vivid, human, imaginative treatment and a profound visual and intellectual sense of period. For all except the people whose eyes gleam at the sight of "X," this is a film to be seen more than once.

The three short plays from NOËL COWARD's "To-night at 8.30" that are adapted in *Meet Me To-night* (Director: ANTHONY PÉLISSIER) are pure theatre and depend almost entirely on clever performance. They are not in the true sense film material at all. But since they are here performed with extreme skill, and the bigger scale of the film allows us to see all sorts of subtleties of expression that for a theatre audience would be imperceptibly far away, the result is very highly entertaining. In the first of the three, "Red Peppers," TED RAY and KAY WALSH splendidly anatomize the second-rate music-hall act (we see the act itself, not merely their dressing-room fight), giving an acid picture of a pair beating away with boundless vitality at ancient jokes and hackneyed business (it's

interesting to hear in the audience the people who keep that sort of act alive being honestly puzzled about whether they're supposed to laugh). The second is "Fumed Oak," the horrible suburban family; the tendency to reprove Mr. COWARD for this is no doubt dictated by the belief that the audience will be full of people just like those portrayed. The third, as the most artificial, "glamorous" (rich house-party in the South of France) and contrived of the lot, was no doubt put last to send the customers away happy, but even that has much good fun.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

What to recommend among the London shows? A new British one called *The Planter's Wife* is good; otherwise there's little to mention but the last appearance of LOUIS JOUVET in *Histoire d'Amour* (17/9/52) and the latest, unexpectedly interesting version of *Les Misérables* (17/9/52).

Releases include two examples of efficient entertainment: *Affair in Trinidad* (10/9/52) and *Room for One More* (20/8/52).

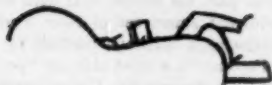
RICHARD MALLETT



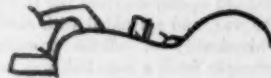
[*Casque d'Or*]
Golden Marie—SIMONE SIGNORET



[*Meet Me To-night*]
Miss Mabel Grace—MARTITA HUNT



BOOKING OFFICE



Topography: East and West

First and Last Loves. John Betjeman. Murray, 20/-.

Golden Earth. Norman Lewis. Cape, 18/-.

The Amazing Amazon. Willard Price. Heinemann, 18/-.

MR. JOHN BETJEMAN, who would have chosen to be a late Georgian, hates the dullness of the present ascendancy of the average over the best. Plastic teacups and by-pass villas and all our half-baked uniformity fill him with a depression that spills over fiercely in a preface to *First and Last Loves* which is almost unanswerable except by the priggish question, "Would you rather the underdog had stayed under?" But even the touchiest champions of the least defensible parts of "progress" should give him credit for being, though a man of proved sensibility, most commendably not an aesthetic snob.

In this wide-ranging collection of essays and broadcasts he stands aside from the accepted fashions of his generation to make up his own mind, finding beauty in Welsh chapels and much to admire in Leeds and Swindon; and this determination to sift the good from the bad is shown again in an illustrated survey of Victorian architecture that forces us to put away the dark glasses of prejudice. He can be very unreasonable (about Civil Servants, for instance, and "business bishops"), and apologies in his preface for earlier phobias, since reconsidered, scarcely make up for publishing them again in controversial pieces, in which time has dimmed the point. In most of the book, however, his ferocity is forgotten in his enthusiasm as a lover: of churches, railways (so long as they are painted in their proper colours), and unsung oddities. Here the poet in Mr. Betjeman takes over from the critic, to enjoy a wet ghostly journey through oil-lit stations, or a shop at Cheltenham that still keeps ladies' hats large enough to house a pinnacle of coiled hair. Even Civil Servants will find it hard to be angry with a writer of such originality, who is not ashamed of deep affection. Included are some nice drawings of chapels by Mr. John Piper. These seem to have been done when he was short of clean paper, but not, fortunately, of scraps of music and old letters.

While Mr. Betjeman is shot at only by people like me, real bullets whistle, though not very malevolently, through the topography of Mr. Norman Lewis. When he went to Burma last year his first discovery was that "travel had become almost as slow as in the days of Marco Polo, and probably more hazardous." In spite of that he reached Myitkyina in the north and Mergui in the south; and he found a country of great beauty in a state of political chaos, torn by meaningless insurrections through which the Burmese continued to behave courteously, dress exquisitely and enjoy every moment of their ample leisure, ignoring the squalor in which most of them live. The monk still ranks higher in Burma than the millionaire, but all the trashiest in

Western culture has taken root, and Mr. Lewis evidently thinks it a toss-up whether this charming race of craftsmen will pull itself together on its own lines, or go down a victim to the neon-sign philosophy. *Golden Earth*, which has excellent photographs by the author, is emphatically better than the usual travel book. A shrewd and humorous observer, Mr. Lewis takes us with him every inch.

One cannot quite say the same of Mr. Willard Price's *The Amazing Amazon*, which stupefies the reader with statistics before plunging off into a loosely-knit series of personal adventures. But though it is written in the style of over-informative journalism, it has many surprising things to tell us about a country potentially rich beyond calculation. The development of Brazil has only just begun. Against a League of Nations estimate that she could support nine hundred million people, she now has one person to two square miles. Her immense natural resources, which remain largely untapped, were considered indispensable to the Allies in the last war, and in future world politics she seems bound to play a vital part.

ERIC KNOWS

The Fated Sky. Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté. Hutchinson, 18/-.

Royal Air Force readers, especially the older generation (it comes as a shock to realize that anything as young as aeronautics already has its septuagenarians), will find plenty to entertain them in Sir Philip Joubert's autobiography, full of tales of old friends



and old squadrons from the R.F.C. days to the end of the war, and sprinkled with sidelights on the familiar whimsicality of official procedure which may, for example, fetch a man half-way across the world to tell him that he isn't wanted after all. But the general reader, who despite the author's achievement and distinction remembers him chiefly (and with gratitude) for the wartime broadcasts which became such a burden and anxiety to him, will perhaps expect more "thrills" in the life story of an airman. Modesty is all very well, but it should not obscure—at any rate in an autobiography—details of the personal perils and adventures only hinted at here. We read that the author "perspired with fright" at the B.B.C., but have little idea what he felt when clearing the topmost peaks of the Himalayas by a mere hundred feet. Perhaps it is a form of that understatement which the R.A.F. has made its own.

J. B. B.

Helibox. John O'Hara. *Faber*, 12/6

These twenty-six stories, most of which appeared originally in the *New Yorker*, are uniformly readable, titillating and exasperating. Exasperating, because they are too short to do more than whet the appetite. We are introduced to a set of interesting people and given a glimpse of their tangled affairs and emotions, and then, with no more than a whimper, the episode fades. A pity, for in nearly every case there is the promise of richer, more substantial fare. But Mr. O'Hara is one of the most percipient and trenchant of American writers and his hors d'œuvres, which seldom fail to excite or amuse, often interpret the bourgeois, metropolitan, transatlantic way of life in brilliant

fashion. For the most part his stories deal with the disenchanted, self-indulgent smart set of New York, but this collection contains a delicious portrait of a film-struck youth ("Pardner"), a neat skit on "poor white" shiftlessness ("Life Among the Unforgettable Characters") and a highly dramatic account of a white Texan's visit to Harlem ("Ellie"). Strongly recommended.

A. B. H.

A Book of Flowers. Compiled by Edith Sitwell. *Macmillan*, 18/.

This anthology of flowers, wild and tame, is a highly Sitwellian medley which will delight those who share the exclusive tastes of the trio and alternately interest and infuriate those who don't. Its real finds are some admirable items of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century gardening lore: not the usual Gerard and Parkinson, though extracts from these are well chosen, but such pleasant and recondite wisdom as that of Louis XIV's head gardener, translated by Evelyn. There are also many old recipes. The poems chosen are preponderantly seventeenth-century; though congenial outsiders like Blake, Christopher Smart, Hopkins and the Sitwells themselves are admitted. There is some pretty well-worn Herrick; but the most cherished flowers in the language are cold-shouldered: Wordsworth's daffodils, for instance, Tennyson's daisy and Barnes' "zummer clote." One misses such Georgians as Curtis, whose *Flora Londiniensis* discovers lilies of the valley at Hampstead, travellers' joy along Lewisham turnpike and white violets in the copses at Croydon.

H. F. E.

SHORTER NOTES

People of the Deer. Farley Mowat. *Michael Joseph*, 15/-. Caribou and inland Eskimo in the Canadian Barrens, where fat is the mainstay of life, nothing ever decays and anger is the only indecency. Astonishing, sometimes frightening, but wholly convincing account of a doomed society in outlandish conditions; no credit to the white intruders. Author has, and reader should cultivate, "Arctic fever"—and a strong stomach.

Happy Returns. Angela Thirkell. *Hamish Hamilton*, 12/6. Those acquainted with present-day Barsetshire will best enjoy this novel with its many happy returns of characters from the author's earlier books. She tells her tale largely in conversations, sometimes bewildering or boring, often witty or wise. Very socially conscious, though not irritatingly snobbish, it is a pleasant example of her work.

Goddess Island. Georges Blond. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6. The story, competently translated from the French, of an island in the Polar sea, and its invasion by Russian seal-hunters in the eighteenth century, contrasting—not in the latter's favour—the ruthlessness and cruelty of nature with that of mankind.

The Gown of Glory. Agnes Sligh Turnbull. *Collins*, 12/6. Sugar and spice (thank goodness for the spice) and all things nice are the ingredients of this story about a New England minister and his family. The date is fifty years ago, and the problems, financial and human, are common to the lot of most parsons. It is a kindly and delightful book.

A Throne of Bayonets. Kevin FitzGerald. *Heinemann*, 10/6. Granted the tomfool hero couldn't have remained in the Secret Service a week, and his adventures are wickly contrived, yet this gaudy farrago of espionage and sharpshooting in London and Snowdonia has action and suspense enough for the most bloodthirsty killer-thriller addict.

The Black-Eyed Stranger. Charlotte Armstrong. *Peter Davies*, 10/6. Kidnapping plot in New York foiled by uncharacteristic heroism of seedy hero. A bit overwritten and solemn, but exciting in both character and incident.



"How do you beware of a bull, pop?"

STORM IN AN EGG-CUP

"DO you mind," Mrs. Todd asked, "if I interrupt your writing?"

Now Mr. Todd did, but he was much too polite to say so. So he merely said "Well, dear?"

Mrs. Todd missed the slight nuance of reproach. "I only wanted to know if you'd like an egg," she said brightly.

"I see."

"Well, would you?"

Mr. Todd said "Yes." He said it very absently indeed, on purpose, to prove how busy he was.

"You might say please," Mrs. Todd suggested.

"Please."

Mrs. Todd turned to leave, but paused at the door. "Have you any idea what you're talking about?" she asked.

"No," said Mr. Todd, taken aback. "What?"

"There you are! I knew you didn't know what you were saying! We were discussing an egg."

Mr. Todd contorted his face to indicate mental activity. "For tea?"

"Naturally."

"Yes, I'll have an egg if you want one. Didn't I say so?"

"I'm trying to find out," Mrs. Todd said, "whether you want an egg or not. I know already whether I want one."

"And I," said Mr. Todd impressively, "am trying to concentrate. This story will, I hope, buy us dozens of eggs. Hundreds, possibly."

This, he felt, ought to send his wife away suitably withered. But apparently he had misjudged her.

"I am only asking you," she said, "to concentrate on one egg. One, furthermore, which happens to be already laid. Now—egg or no egg?"

"I don't care," Mr. Todd sulked. "I don't know."

"You must know. Either you would like an egg or you wouldn't. You're either just dying for one or else the very thought of it makes you sick. You can't just not know."

Her tone was extremely reasonable. A wife, Mr. Todd reflected, is



never more annoying than when she is being reasonable.

"I WILL HAVE AN EGG," he announced in block capitals.

"I'm not deaf," Mrs. Todd mentioned. "I may say that lots of wives would just give you what was easiest and let you lump it."

"I dare say they would."

"It's a nice thing when a wife can't ask her husband a simple question without having her head bitten off."

Mr. Todd felt that he ought to apologize, but he was blown if he would. He decided to be adamant.

He sat back in his chair, looking adamant as hard as he could.

"You look," Mrs. Todd said dispassionately, "as if your trousers are too tight."

She went and Mr. Todd sighed. He gathered together his bits of paper. He refilled his pipe. He decided that he didn't feel like a pipe and lit a cigarette instead. He composed himself.

The door opened again.

"Boiled?" Mrs. Todd asked innocently. "Fried? Poached? Scrambled?"

"Whichever way you like," Mr. Todd said.

"Which way you like," Mrs. Todd said.

Obviously, they couldn't go on

after - you - Claude - after - you -
Cecilling one another all afternoon.

"Boiled," Mr. Todd said.

"Sure?"

Mr. Todd suspected that he had said the wrong thing. "Poached, then."

"That means toast."

Apparently Mrs. Todd was anti-toast.

"Boiled," Mr. Todd decided again.

"Well, make your mind up!"

"BOILED!"

"Temper!" Mrs. Todd said, and went.

Mr. Todd tried to compose himself again. He sat back, closed his eyes and attempted to clear his mind of all matters extraneous to his professional labours. Immediately his mind filled up like a well-patronized dust-bin.

He found himself considering Sunday's golf match; a wasp on the curtains; the peculiar flavour of his cigarette; a radio programme seeping in from outside; the pattern on the wallpaper...

He closed his eyes more firmly. He resolved to banish all these things completely.

He was tremendously successful. Within five minutes his mind was a complete blank. Unfortunately, he had also quite banished the important point on which he had originally been trying to concentrate. He read

all the bits of paper again to find out where he had got to.

Everything clicked. All was well.

He composed himself.

The door opened.

"Tea!" Mrs. Todd called, with the inflection of a harbinger of good news.

Mr. Todd laid everything down and went into tea.

His egg, boiled, was perching in his cup.

He took his place at the table and cracked his egg. He looked at Mrs. Todd's plate to see whether she needed salt.

He looked up in surprise.

"Aren't you having an egg?" he asked.

Mrs. Todd pulled a face and said ooh no, she simply couldn't face it.

"Then what are you having?"

"Nothing much," Mrs. Todd's voice was resigned and patient. "I'd rather fancied some sardines actually, but it hardly seemed worth opening a tin just for myself. Especially," she added wistfully, "when you seemed so keen on having a boiled egg."

6 6

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Of leading-rein and lunging-rope,

Of sickle-hook and pastern-slope—

And Foxhunter, of course.

My daughter's bookshelves overflow

With books about the beast:

She Loved Her Pony, Saddle Lore,

Gymkhana Jane, The Horse Next

Door,

Matilda Never Rode Before—

Three score of them, at least.

My daughter's bedroom walls are
crammed

From ceiling to the floor:

With Palaminos, Arab Bays,

With Lippizaners, Windsor Greys,

With Quaggas, Cobs and Dziggetais—

And half a hundred more.

I like the horse, I love my child,

But—this is where it's sad—

The two together, night and

day,

Will drive me mad.

D. J. SAINT



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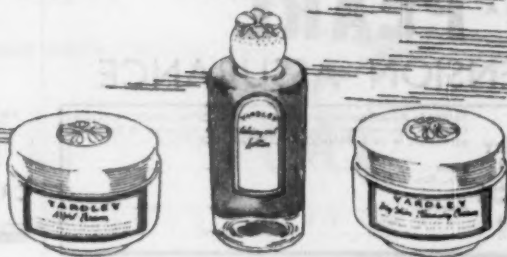
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Punch, Sept 24 1952

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The 'SOFTGLOW' worktops of these exciting new furnishings, styled to line up with standard "English Rose" equipment, bring an atmosphere of gaiety and colourful warmth. 'SOFTGLOW' is available in Scarlet-Red, Steel-Blue or Amulet-Green shown above. You can spill ammonia, ink, fruit juice on this tough, smooth sur-

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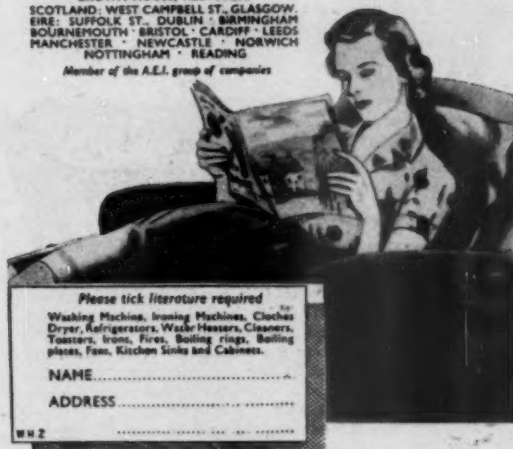
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WH2

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GOODWOOD are 15-denier 51-gauge nylons
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wearing. Set out to look for them today... at
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What is 40-twist?



The yarn is *twisted*, 40 turns to the
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*We regret that the increased
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stockings will mean
a shortage at home
for some months.*



the aristocrat of stockings



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a real connoisseur's tea;

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HORNIMANS TEA

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Grouchy grammarian declines "irregularity"



Poor old Erasmus. Once he was the best syntax-collector in the business. Now he's like a subject without an object. "Hail," I said. "Served any long sentences lately?"

"Nothing but bad language," rasped Erasmus. "If I don't find something for this constipation of mine, I shall become a past participle. Figuratively, I feel like a smoked-out pipe."

"Literally," I said, "a pipe is the trouble."

"?" said Erasmus, with inverted eyebrows.

"The pipe I mean," I said, "is the one you have inside you. It's 30 ft. long, and your intestinal muscles have to pull everything you eat through it. But, nowadays, when we eat mostly soft, starchy food, they have nothing to grip on, and their punctuation breaks down."

"What happens then?" asked Erasmus, parenthetically.

"A bad case of catalectic analcolution," I said, "caused by a full-stop in your colon. The net result is constipation, and you become the victim of all the irreg-

ular verbs. What you need," I said, "is bulk."

"No more medicines for me!" pouted Erasmus.

"Agreed," I said. "You'll give your system all the bulk it needs simply by having All-Bran for breakfast every morning. You'll like it a lot, and it'll soon make you 'regular.'"

"I wish I were sure," said Erasmus, subjunctively.

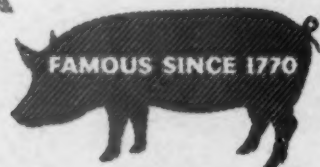
I was, of course; and when I met Erasmus a week later, wearing a grin like a split infinitive, I said: "So you feel better, eh?"

"I do, indeed," declared Erasmus. "That marvellous All-Bran made me 'regular' in four days! Does everybody know how good it is?"

"That," I said, "is a rhetorical question."

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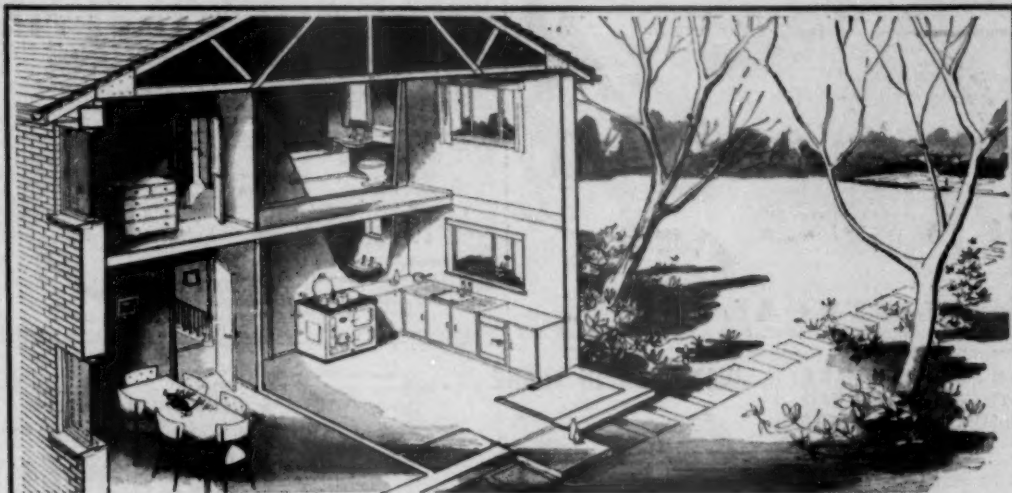
Eaten with absolute regularity, Kellon's All-Bran gives your system "bulk" to prevent constipation. All-Bran's "bulk" enables bowel muscles to keep naturally active and so to sweep and clear the intestinal tract, thoroughly and regularly. Result: your whole body keeps fresh and active, and you are always physically and mentally alert. All-Bran is delicious for breakfast, or in buns or cakes. All grocers have it.



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Agatecture!

Agatecture?

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The most luxurious cooking in the world. Two hotplates, each more than a foot across. The left one boils water at a pint a minute from cold, and grills, fries and toasts. The right one, for simmering, won't even let milk boil over. Two large ovens: the roasting oven is big enough for a 20 lb. turkey; the simmering oven (even larger) is perfect for overnight cooking, and keeps hot meals hot for hours without drying up.

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Think what this means. All your cooking and all your hot water for a fuel cost of something like 1/- a day (if you burn coke). Reckon up how much you pay for these

things now. Work out how much the Aga saves you.

Suppose it saves you 1/6 a day. That is enough to buy the Aga for you.

Now for the work it saves. The Aga never goes out; no chilly morning chore with sticks and paper: the Aga never needs adjusting or "soeing to"; it is controlled by thermostat — everything ready, all the time, at exactly the right temperature. No ashes, no smoke, no fumes in your kitchen; no soot on your utensils; nothing to do but be proud and happy.



This is the **AGA**

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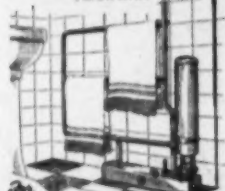
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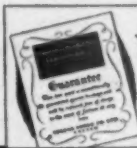


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and a wind to blow.

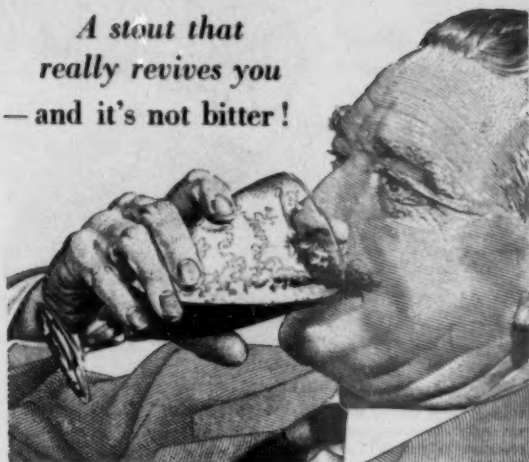
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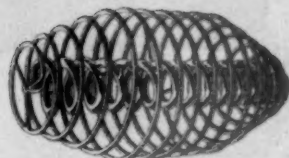
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[PAGE 83]

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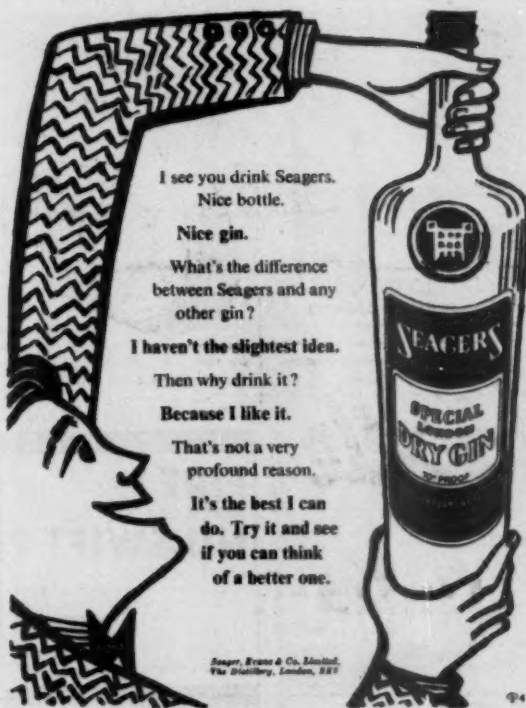
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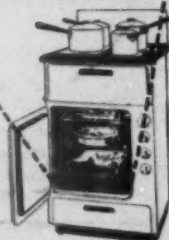
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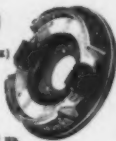


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☐ 1928? ☐ 1942? ☐ 1911?

A. In 1911 was patented the first practical inverted bucket trap—the Drayton-Armstrong, today the most widely distributed trap in the world, embodying every new refinement of material and manufacture.

Q. WHAT mechanism will have the longest life at 125 psi and 330°F? One designed for

Temp. Pressure Temp. Pressure
☐ 338°F. 125 psi ☐ 600°F. 600 psi
☐ 410°F. 250 psi ☐ 950°F. 1500 psi

A. The working parts of every Drayton-Armstrong are identical with those for 1,500 lb. pressure, 950°F.—Chrome steel valve and seat (hardened, ground and lapped) and valve assembly.

Q. IS ANY trap body best suited to all installations?

A. No. Drayton-Armstrongs are available with horizontal, angle, or vertical connections. The savings in fittings and labour are obvious. The trap cover carries the entire mechanism and can be removed, on the rare occasion when this may be necessary, without taking the body out of the steam line.

Q. WHAT should be the trouble-free life of a steam trap?

☐ 6 months? ☐ 2 yrs? ☐ 10 yrs?

A. Every Drayton-Armstrong is guaranteed for 2 years against any servicing or replacements. It is unconditionally guaranteed for life in respect of workmanship and materials. Drayton-Armstrongs in their thousands are giving trouble-free service after ten years and more, in every corner of the globe.

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Printed in England by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Limited, at 15-25, Phoenix Place, Mount Pleasant, W.C.1. and published by them weekly with one additional summer issue and one additional winter issue, at 16, Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4—WEDNESDAY, September 24, 1932